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THE IDEAL VERSUS THE PRACTICAL IN POLITICS.

Speech delivered by C. A. Alexander in the Mississippi Inter-collegiate Oratorical Contest at Hattiesburg, Miss., May 6, 1904.

It is natural to cherish ideals. However much the real and material may press upon us, our higher natures will always reach out after the ideal.

This is not only natural, it is right. An ideal uplifts the soul, ennobles character, kindles ambition and stimulates to noble deeds. The poet catches the inspiration of an ideal, and in rhythmic measures gives his immortal epic to the world. An ideal of grace and beauty enters the soul of a sculptor, and he fashions a Venus de Milo. A nobler vision of grace and beauty blended with maternal love and tenderness fixes the rapturous gaze and adoration of the painter, and he leaves on the canvas a Madonna on which generations then unborn gaze with rapture and wonder. And so in every field of human endeavor, without an ideal there can be no great achievements.

If, as Aristotle said, "man is a political animal," and government is the one great business of mankind, it is inevitable

[It is provided in the Constitution of the Mississippi State Oratorical Association that the representatives of the colleges shall have their speeches published in their respective college journals sometime during the year succeeding the contest.]

The grades on this contest were: C. A. Alexander, of Millsaps, 94.6; S. V. Robertson, of University, 89.5; J. H. Wallace, of Mississippi College, 87.8; S. M. Harmon, of Mississippi A. & M., 83.7.

that man should have political ideals. Plato was not alone when he conceived of an ideal republic; he was a mere type of the political man of all ages. But Plato's republic was a mere dream. More than twenty centuries afterwards men as wise as he, and more practical, were called, not only to conceive of an ideal republic, but to frame and organize it. For the first time in history a people, having achieved their freedom, undertook to give substantial form to their political ideals; and various were their conceptions, ranging from a limited monarchy with Washington as king, to a loose federation of independent states; from the ideal of Hamilton who exalted the central government, and who was willing to risk tyranny rather than put order in jeopardy, to the ideal of Jefferson who exalted the citizen and risked anarchy rather than endanger individual liberty, out of these blended ideals came the Constitution—the exact ideal of no single statesman, but the composite of them all; a document of which Gladstone said, it is the grandest instrument ever struck off at one time by the hand of man.

The ideal, though always before us, is ever vanishing and unattainable. We are led away by the allurements of the selfish and sensual, by greed and gold. Frail human nature falters in pursuit of its highest good, for "the muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close us in." Yet the ideal has the Divine sanction, for linked with the assurance that none doeth good, is the inspired command, "Be ye perfect."

The same is true in the realm of government. The ideals for which our forefathers fought are forgotten in the stress and strife of sectionalism and commercialism. True, conditions are ever changing and the statesman, although inspired by ideals, should not lose sight of the practical. The age is too utilitarian. It looks too much to the practical, too little to the ideal. The practical politician should be the man who embodies and puts into practice the lofty ideals of the statesman but the term is now one of reproach. Too often the ideal is entirely lost. Clouds obscure its view, and beneath in the

fog and mist rages the tumult of turbulent factions led, not by the patriot and statesman, but by the demagogue and spoilsman. What has become of the lofty ideals that inspired the makers of our republic ? Let us in a brief way see how some of them have stood the test of the century.

The first and greatest problem before the statesman who framed our Constitution was that of the proper distribution of the powers of government. They were well aware of two opposing tendencies; the one towards centralization of power, the other towards its diffusion—the centripetal against the centrifugal forces. They conceived of a republic in which, unlike the old world monarchies and so-called republics, the central government should have only those powers expressly granted, and the state should in all else be supreme; in which the current of authority should flow from the local to the central government. Having rebelled against colonial oppression, the very thought of provinces ruled as subjects instead of citizens, liable to taxation but without representation, would have appalled the staunchest federalist. For more than a century the statesman of our country, regardless of party ties, clung to the ideal. But the temptation came at last. A vision of world power appeared before our people, and blinded by its dazzling light, our country, or at least, the party in power, has committed us to a colonial policy similar in many respects to that our forefathers fought to destroy. We now have hundreds of distant islands; provinces instead of states, with ten million people, subjects not citizens, alien in race, language and manners. To call them Americans shocks our idea of an American citizen. This is the actual versus the ideal in politics.

Turning from the ideal government to the ideal citizen, we find that the claim that all men are born free and equal is placed at the very summit of our Declaration of Independence. Yet, despite this cherished ideal, the tenacious pursuit of which plunged our country into a fratricidal war, our government holds the millions of her possessions in subjection, without the

promise or pretense of political equality. It is the ideal in politics that applauds the Declaration of Independence, and retains in our Constitution the Fifteenth Amendment. It is the practical that acquired and holds a distant race which no one believes or hopes will ever attain to political or social equality.

Another ideal condition of our republic was voiced by Washington in his farewell address, when he so earnestly admonished it to avoid all complications with old world monarchies. Obedient to this advice, America, rich in her vast territory and boundless resources, has stood apart, "majestic in her isolation." When a few years ago a great war brought about mighty convulsions in the far East affecting nearly all the European Powers, no one feared or imagined that our government could be involved. How is it now? The war cloud has again appeared in the East, American diplomacy is called into play, American possessions and trade are to be guarded, American warships, along with the rest, are hurried to the scene of war, and who can foretell with certainty that we will not be swept into that general conflict, which at no distant day must meet the advance of the yellow peril.

Again, our forefathers had confidence in the power of the people to rule. They gave the ballot to every man, the uneducated as well as the learned; but in doing so they looked to a time when all should be intelligent, and independent citizens should cast their patriotic votes and jealously guard the ballot box as the symbol and exponent of their liberties, and when the leaders of culture and capacity should hold the reins of power. But they reckoned not of the political "boss" who with the party lash should drive voters, like cattle, to the polls. They did not see that their first departure from the ideal principle of equal rights to all and special privileges to none, in conceding governmental protection to favored classes, would in the end mature the infant industry into the giant monopoly which now "bestrides this narrow world like a Colossus," and controls votes and legislatures at will. They did not dream

of the day when the most cultured and capable, disgusted by the demagogue and discouraged by defeats, would turn away from the polls, neglect all civic duties, and leave the government to be run by the corrupt and illiterate under the leadership of the spoilsman. They did not dream of the day when the ballot should not represent the free choice of intelligent voters, but the dictates of a despotic boss or the decree of a tariff-fed trust. Truly one, at least, of the ideals of our forefathers is dimmed and faded.

Whatever differences the colonists may have had as to other measures, they all cherished sacredly the ideal of general diffusion of education. Public schools have been planted and fostered in every section, and in every new state one-thirtieth of the land was irrevocably dedicated to education. So intently did Jefferson cherish this ideal that he asked to have engraved on his tomb, as his crowning distinction, that he was the founder of a great University. Yet even in that part of our country where the views of Jefferson are most sacredly cherished, there are those who openly advocate illiteracy for a class of our population, and believe that not knowledge but ignorance can solve the greatest problem before the American people to-day.

I add a final illustration. The founders of our Constitution differed as to the strength of the federal bond between the states. The minority grew into an active majority to which the name and thought of secession were odious. For a state to secede was rebellion. To counsel it even, was treason. Where eleven sovereign states, acting on their honest construction of their constitutional rights, had seceded and for more than four years maintained a government complete in all its branches, these idealists would have deemed it a *casus belli* for a foreign power to recognize the Southern Confederacy. Has this ideal lost its power and influence? Has it, too, been forgotten? When Panama, little Panama, a state of a sister republic seceded, how did the party in power, that once so hated secession, practice what it preached? To its eternal shame it must be said that under the temptation of present advantage

the ideal vanished before expediency; rebellion was applauded, and the recognition of Panama was a matter not of years but of hours. And many honest and sincere men believe that our government aided and abetted the secession. Has another ideal vanished?

These instances are enough to show against what dangers and by what a struggle our people are to preserve our cherished political ideals.

Since party organizations are necessary, political ideals must be largely given into their keeping. De Tocqueville has said "political parties which I style great are those which cling to general principles more than to their consequences; to general more than to especial cases; to ideas and not to men." If then such a party exists and shall continue to exist in our country, there is no danger that the ideals of our fathers will altogether perish.

A recent writer has described the two political parties of today as "the party of general principles and the party of the main chance;" and it is safe to say that so long as our country is controlled by a spirit of opportunism, and measures greatness by the standard of wealth, the "party of the main chance" will be dominant. But the real glory of our republic is not in her wealth, but in her citizenship. Her real strength is not in her army and navy, but in the virtue, intelligence and patriotism of her people. That nation only is great which has great ideals. It should be the mission of the so-called "party of general principles" to bring our nation back to the ideals of the founders of our republic. If it is true to this mission, it will ultimately triumph.

But there is one ideal that should lift us above the tumult of party strife, the vision of which should bring an exultant throb of hope to the breast of every patriot. It is that of a mighty and majestic republic, fearless of invasion from without, secure against corruption within, exalting her citizens by inculcating virtue and morality, inspiring patriotism and protecting the humblest in his "life, liberty and pursuit of

happiness." Is such an ideal attainable? We know not; but this we know: it will never be attained until our people are taught to enthrone in their hearts the ideals of our fathers; until they pledge their lives and sacred honor to guard, against every selfish and sordid attack, the glorious charter of our liberties. And this too, we know: it is worth our service, our sacrifice and our complete consecration, for "he who saves his country, saves all things, and all things saved by shall bless him. He who lets his country die, lets all things die, and all things dying curse him."

REMINISCENCE.

I brought her as a bride to the home where my fathers for generations had brought the women of their choice, and within its sacred walls we lived like happy children during the joyous months of our honeymoon. She was but a maid of eighteen when she placed her hand in mine at the altar, while I had already passed my thirty-fourth year; and though I was much older than she I loved her with all the love that the strong can feel, and she returned my affection with the love and trust that only youth can give.

The old mansion in which we lived stands on an elevation which gradually rises till it forms a part of the mountain side, while beneath in the valley lie thousands of fertile acres which in the past had kept my fathers and their families in comfort and plenty. A few large oaks are scattered over the lawn that slopes from the mansion to the pike below, and to the right of the old home a little brook flowing swiftly from the mountains, crosses the lawn and plunges into the river but a hundred yards beyond. In the quiet and peace of this old home we lived happily for I was tired of the city, and the country was new to her.

The morning was passed either in the mountains or in riding over the fields, while in the afternoon we would wander arm in arm along the river bank or I would read to her from the

novel which I was writing; and the nights full of moonlight and shadows were the happiest of all to us. We would sit on the veranda in the cool mountain air as it stole from the heights above into the heated valleys, and watch the moonbeams as they played on the bosom of the river, and make plans for our future which lay before us seemingly full of happiness and love.

Yet in these hours of my greatest happiness, as with all men, the ghost of a future sorrow came to tinge my joy with sadness. We had been sitting on the banks of the river in the moonlight watching the water and the clouds. We had been quieter than usual that night. She, I thought, was dreaming of the golden future, and I smoked and dreamt also. Without speaking we had been sitting for over an hour when I heard her sigh and going to her I noticed that her eyes were full of tears. She told me it was nothing and it was only when too late I learned that she was longing to be again with people; to be again in the city with its crowds. After this night I saw no sign of her being dissatisfied and soon forgot the instance altogether. Yet I know now that in secret she wept and longed for the old life.

About this time my publishers were becoming very impatient. They had promised my book to the public and the time for its publication was very near. It would take all of my time to finish my book by the required date and, knowing that my wife would want companions while I was busy with my writing, I asked a college friend, who was ten years younger than I, and his sister to come and spend the rest of the summer with us. He had entered college the year that I finished and from the first we were great friends but near the end of the session we had had a little misunderstanding and I thought this would be a good way to make friends with him again. The invitation was accepted and in a short time they arrived.

For the first few days I joined them in their wanderings in the mountains and in their boatings on the river and also in their games, but soon I had to give all my time to my book. Very little I saw of my wife or my guests except at meals after

the first three days. Yet they did not seem to notice my absence as they knew my time belonged to my publishers rather than to me.

For two long months I worked hard at my book while my wife and friends spent the time in pleasure. During this time I noticed no change in my wife except that she would no longer come and sit near me as I wrote. I thought that this was caused by her duty to our guests, and it was only the night before my book was finished that I noticed any change in her love for me. I caught her in my arms and kissed her, but as I did she drew away and in her eyes I read the prayer that I would not. This was not the way that my love returned my caresses before; for then she would come and throw her arms about my neck, her whole soul shining in her eyes, and cling to me as the tender vine clings to some strong tree. I could not understand why she drew away. Yet I did not doubt that her love was as true as it was the day she gave her life to me.

The next morning as I sat writing the closing chapter of my book I heard the voices of my wife and friends on the lawn below and, going to the window, I found them ready to take their morning ride. I had never seen my wife so beautiful. She was dressed in a light gray riding habit and her soft black hair was partly hidden by a light blue cap. She was just getting ready to mount as I reached the window and as my friend gave her the rein their glances met and I saw in her soft grey eyes the same glad light that I had seen there when I first told her of my love. For the first time I felt a tinge of jealousy, and all the morning between me and my writing I saw her first as she had looked at me the night before and then as she had looked at my friend that morning. Yet in spite of this my book was finished when they came in to lunch.

That afternoon I left for the city and while there I sent my book on to my publishers. After finishing the other business that had called me to town, I returned to my home, and reaching there sooner than I was expected, I found no one in the house; as it was still an hour till sunset I strolled down

to the river bank. The great sun but a little way above the tree-tops poured such a stream of light upon the waters that it seemed a mass of molten gold. I loosed my boat and pushing off rowed slowly up the stream to a great rock which stands, leaning over the water, a silent sentinel that for ages has guarded the river's pass to the sea. Near the top of this old cliff there is a bench-shaped rock worn there by the action of the waters in a time long passed, and it was here that I always came when I wished to be alone with nature and myself.

As I looked up to this old seat that evening I saw that it was already occupied. My wife and he whom I had called my friend were there. She was leaning over the rock, her head resting on her hand, and looking out over the wilderness of green and gold at the slowly setting sun. He stood near her talking low and looking into her face. She turned and I heard her say, "We had better go." Her eyes met his and she forgot—forgot that she had given her life to another man—forgot all the world except him and herself. I heard her give a soft low cry as a bird might cry when it suddenly finds that it is free, and as she cried I saw her fall into the arms of the man at her side. The sun slipped slowly into the western clouds and with its setting set also my life's hopes.

The next morning at sunrise I met him as man met man in those days. The lie was passed and for this we must fight, or at least this was what our seconds thought. A little while later there in the mountains, without song or prayer, we laid him in his grave. As the last shovel of earth was heaped on the mound the shining sun waked the sleeping birds and they, less heartless than their human neighbors, poured out their souls in song above his grave.

A month later I was in Europe.

* * * * *

Eighteen long years afterwards I was sitting, one evening, among the ruins of an ancient temple looking out over the Bay of Naples. The great sun, seemingly half in water, half in air,

bathed the mountain tops above me in a crimson glow. A soft breeze from out the sea was telling its love to the pines above and I was dreaming of the past and its memories. I heard a step and glancing round saw a maid coming toward me; she, too, was looking toward the sunset and dreaming of happiness and love. Suddenly she turned her face toward me and I scarce could think her not a vision. Hers were the same dark hair and soft gray eyes, the same fair face and form, the same little hands and feet that I had loved in the long ago. She was dressed in gray, the color that I had loved most to see my wife dressed in. Seeing the look of pain her presence caused, she begged my pardon and turned away. Her voice was of the same soft contralto that had first waked the noble and the good in me and as she turned away I cried, "Child, come back; you are not intruding, the look of pain you saw was caused by the memories of a long dead past which your presence reawoke. You are so like a little girl that I once knew and loved that at first I thought you were a vision." Never before had I told the story of my life, but something bade me tell her and bidding her sit near me I told her all.

When I had finished she looked at me with eyes full of tears and as she raised her hand to hide them, I noticed that she wore a little ring, a signet. There were but two like it in the world, I wore one and my wife had worn the other. I asked her where she had gotten it, and she answered softly:

"You have told me the secret of your life, I now will tell you mine. My mother gave me this little ring on her death-bed and also a little package and she told me 'that somewhere in Europe there was a man who wore a ring like it and for him was the package.' She said also that that man was my father; whom when I find I must love for she said his life was full of sorrow." I opened my arms and said, "Child, I wear the other ring." At first she could not understand; then the light came to her and she threw herself into my arms.

In that little package were the pictures of herself and me and between them was a letter from my wife, telling the

story of her suffering and of the unfaithfulness of my friend, who, she at last learned, had plotted to take her love from me in payment of the wrong I had done him in school. In it she begged forgiveness for the sorrow which she had caused me and also told me of her love for me. She begged me also to love our child and to think of her as she was before my false friend came to wreck our lives.

* * * * *

Once more there is light and song in the homestead: my grandchildren toddle around my knees and their peals of laughter are heard on the lawn. My daughter is all that a father could wish a child to be, devoted to her husband and her children and to her gray-haired childish father. I am as happy as one who has felt my sorrow can be. Yet there is one thing which causes me sadness and that is that out in the garden, under the sobbing pines lies a broken heart to whom Death had given peace ere she knew that I had learned that she was true.

T. X. S.

TO MY SISTER.

Annie Laura, my baby sis,
Sit on my knee and hear me this,
Which now once more I wish to tell;
That you're my love and fairy queen,
And from childhood have ever been
The dearest girl that e're I've seen;
You know the truth that lies therein,
Annie , my love, you know quiet well.

But now that years have brought you age,
The play of life, the Human Stage
With wedding bells present themselves.
Present themselves with castles rare,
With love and life and fortune fair,
With all for which a soul could care,
But all as yet are myths in air,
Unknown save by the sprites and elves.

When childhood's day has just begun,
And o'er the lea we used to run,

You were my pet, my joy, my pride;
And from that day to this sad hour
You've ever been my sweetest flower
On land or sea, by brook or bower,
The dearest girl in cot or tower—
To-morrow you become a bride.

Forget to-morrow, for to-night,
If then love wins, I say, "All right;"

You have a brother's wish and prayer.
Let's wander back to Hammock glen
Where pipe of quail and chirp of wren,
Where chestnuts are, and Indian hen,
Where hares and foxes have thier den,
And childhood's dreams recall, while there.

For childhood now draws near its end,
Let's seize the chance, the evening spend

In childish pranks and joyous bliss.
To-morrow ceases childhood's play,
And life, full fledged, stands in your way,
And for your life this boon I pray,
That it may know no night, but day—

Now give me thy last maiden's kiss.

MARVIN S. PITTMAN.



AN EXCHANGE OF GROOMS.

It was a hot morning in a September of the late fifties, and as Benton Holmes tilted his chair back against the wall of the wide veranda of his father's plantation home he could see the waves of heat rising above the cotton fields across the "big road." It was the season known as "cotton pickin' time," and the songs of the negroes at their work, mingled

with the cackle of the fowls in the barn-yard and the subdued singing of the women indoors, made the loneliness more lonely.

Since Benton's mother had succumbed in July to a fever characteristic of the hot Mississippi summers, the place had not been the same; and this morning it seemed almost intolerable.

The summer had been very quiet—quite unlike any Benton had ever known. In his mother's lifetime, particularly in the summers since he had been going to college, there was always something on hand for the pleasure of themselves or their friends. But now, since the presence which had made the place so attractive had been withdrawn, even the visits of the friends who had frequented the house in her lifetime had grown farther and farther between, till now they had almost ceased. It was not because Benton and his father were not liked; it was only that it is not natural for people to seek the society of people as gloomy as these two were—for they had taken their bereavement hardly.

"You needn't be crowing so," said Benton as a rooster somewhere in the rear crowed emphatically and persistently. "Seems to me that if I'd done as much vain crowing as you've done, I'd quit. If something don't happen I'm just going to die."

His chair came to the floor with a bang, and starting up, he called for his horse intending to ride into town for the mail, when he saw his father's negro office boy coming up.

"Marse John sent dese two lettahs up heah," he said.

Benton took the letters, one of which had a black border. Both of them bore the same Virginia postmark, and both were addressed in the same handwriting, which he did not recognize. He tore open the black-bordered one.

It proved to be from the lawyer of his Grandfather Benton and announced the sudden death of that gentleman. The other was a legal document from the same person, informing him that according to the last will and testament of the late Robert Benton, his saddle horse, Don, with two thousand

dollars, was bequeathed to his grandson, Robert Benton Holmes. The writer would like, if it were possible, to see the latter at an early date.

As he finished reading the last letter his father came hurriedly up the drive.

"Has anything happened to any of the Bentons?" he asked. Benton handed him the letters.

"Well, you'd better go, I guess," he said when he had read them through.

It was soon decided that Benton should leave the next morning. The funeral was probably over already, but he was anxious to go as soon as possible. A reaction had set in, and Benton, naturally romantic and active, longed to be off at once. His father, too, was aroused somewhat from the apathy into which he had fallen, and joined Benton in making his plans.

Benton was to return home before going to college for his last year, riding the horse through the country. He spent the rest of the day in preparing for the trip, and left early the next morning.

When he reached, a few days later, the place which had been the home of his mother, his grandfather, and of his ancestors for several generations back, the funeral was over and all but one of the several uncles and aunts had returned to their homes. One uncle remained at the old place for the present. Benton remembered him only indistinctly, as he did the place itself and his grandfather, for his father and mother had gone to Mississippi before he was born, and had been back to Virginia only once—when he was six years old.

"You will no doubt want to get acquainted with Don," said the uncle after breakfast the first morning. He had heard of Benton's arrival the day before, and had hunted him up at the hotel.

"Very much, sir," he replied.

Grandfather Benton had been a connoisseur of horses, and his stables contained many fine specimens of them, but

Don was easily superior to all the rest. Throughout the country round about he was noted for his perfect form and for his speed and variety of gaits. He was a Kentucky horse, with a strain of Arabic blood, and his shining dark bay coat, his intelligent eyes, and the spirited toss of his head quite won the heart of Benton, who, too, had a taste for horses. Hitherto he had thought his "Rex" quite good enough for anybody, but he dwindled into insignificance when compared with this magnificent creature.

His uncle saw the admiration in his eyes.

"Your appreciation of Don makes me almost willing to give him up," he said. "Father knew what he was doing when he left him to you. None of his sons inherited his passion for horses—though of course we admire a pretty one like this when we see it. I remember how he enjoyed your interest in his stables when you were here before, even though you were such a child."

"Yes, I have always liked horses, and that is the one distinct memory of my visit here," said Benton.

An instinct of animals, particularly horses and dogs, tells them with whom to make friends, and Don and Benton became friends at once.

As it would take much longer to get home than it did to come, and as Benton wanted to get back to college in October, he staid but two days at the home of his grandfather. Then, the business having been adjusted, he bade his uncle good-by and, riding Don, started home through the country.

The weather was becoming cooler and though there had been no frost the trees on the mountains were beginning to take on their fall coloring. Benton, used to the low, flat Mississippi country with its short autumns, where the trees seem to think it not worth while to dress up for so short a time, enjoyed the mountains and their gala dress. Don seemed to enjoy the trip, too, partly, perhaps, because he liked his new master and partly because, conscious of his power, of the pure

love of showing it. They made good time and at the end of the third day came to a tavern in western Virginia.

Situated on the old stage coach road, this tavern had been a popular stopping-place in the past, but now, in the day of railroads it was quite unusual to have more than two or three guests at one time. When Benton alighted, however, on the night of which we speak, he noticed that there were several guests, and that there was an air of suppressed excitement among them. He went with Don to the stable, and after seeing that his horse was well rubbed down and that he had a good supper, returned to the house. The men stopped talking upon his entrance, and eyed him suspiciously.

As he went through the usual inquisition of landlords, however, and accounted for all his past and present actions, and revealed his plans for the future, their look of suspicion gave way to friendliness. Soon the landlord said, in a tone that was almost a whisper.

"There's goin' t'be somethin' happenin' 'round here t'night."

"What?" asked Benton.

"Why, there's goin' t'be a runaway. Ol' man Perdue's darter is goin' t' run away with Jim Oaks. Jim uster be an overseer up on one o' Perdue's places, an' he's a real likely feller, but Perdue feels like he ain't good enough fer his darter. He's tol' Jim he'll fill 'im full o' shot ef he comes 'roun anymore, and swears he'll kill 'em both 'fore 'is darter sh'll marry 'im. Well, they're goin' t' run off t'night, an' we've got word t' be ready fer 'em here. We've got a preacher here, an' by th' time th' ol' man comes up in th' mornin' they'll be tied good an' hard an' be 'way over th' river."

"What time will they get here?" asked Benton.

"'Bout two o'clock. They've got twenty miles t' come, an' the nights is dark."

The prospect of witnessing so romantic a marriage was very appealing to Benton's temperament. Still, he knew that he must travel all the next day, so telling the landlord to wake

him in time to witness the ceremony, he was shown to his room.

Day was beginning to break when Benton Holmes awoke. He instantly remembered that he had not been waked for the marriage, and dressing hastily, went downstairs. He felt very much injured and did not hesitate to tell the landlord so.

"Why, they didn't come," was the answer he got. "I guess the ol' man caught 'em. I'm sorry fer 'em ef he did."

Benton ate his early breakfast in silence. He was wondering if the man would really kill his daughter for trying to elope with her lover. Soon he was on his way again, though, and the crisp morning air soothed his thoughts.

About sunrise as he was approaching the river he heard galloping horses behind him. Turning in his saddle he saw a man and a young lady approaching on horseback. They continually whipped up their horses, which were breathing heavily and were evidently almost worn out. This must be the eloping couple!

He remarked that the girl was singularly beautiful. And except that her brown hair, which just matched her eyes in color, had fallen to her shoulders, loosened by the long ride, the only evidence of excitement in her appearance was her rosy color. The man was pale and his mouth set with determination.

As they came up Benton spoke to them, "Pardon me, but are you not the couple that was expected at the tavern last night?"

The man glanced at him quickly. "Yes," he said, "but we didn't get off as soon as we expected, and have not made good time. They're close after us now."

"Then you'd better get over the river as soon as possible," said Benton. "Hush! I believe I hear them now!"

They listened and, sure enough, heard the sound of hoofs, though still a great way off.

They galloped quickly down to the river. To their consternation the ferryman was on the other side!

"Hallo there, ferryman, come quick! *Quick*, I say!" shouted Benton.

The ferryman started at once, but it was slow work, and nearer and nearer came the sound of horses' feet.

"See here, man," said Benton suddenly, "that man's not going to get here in time, and my horse is fresh and strong. If you say so I can ford the river, carrying the young lady across, then come back for you. Then you can ride on with her till you can get fresh horses."

"All right, sir. I can never thank you. Come, Edith."

He helped her up behind Benton, at whose word Don plunged into the stream.

"I don't wonder that Mr. Oaks risked his life to marry you," said Benton when they were a little way out in the stream. The excitement of this romantic situation was just going to his head.

"Indeed?" said the girl with a little laugh. Such music!

"I only wish I could have come along before he did," he ventured.

Don was swimming now and the girl's dainty skirts were dragging in the water, but she seemed oblivious of any discomfort.

"Why didn't you?" she returned coyly at length.

"It's too late now, though," he said a question trembling in his tone.

He heard her sigh, but she was silent.

"Is it?" he pleaded, vainly trying to look back into her averted face.

"Is it?" she whispered behind the shelter of his shoulder.

Don's feet were on the earth again, and soon the bank was reached.

"Shall I go back for Mr. Oaks?" He looked deep into her brown eyes.

"Is it worth while?" she asked demurely.

As Don, astonished at the touch of a spur, dashed away southward, the riders looking back saw upon the further bank the irate father and the bereft lover, gazing after them in a wonder which swallowed up their enmity. B. H. '07.

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

VOL. 7. JACKSON, MISS., OCTOBER, 1904. No. 1.

Published Monthly by the Students of Millsaps College.

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Remittances and business communications should be sent to W. A. Williams, Business Manager. Matter intended for publication should be sent to A. P. Hand, Editor-in-Chief.

ISSUED THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.

Subscription, Per Annum, \$1.00. Two Copies, \$1.50 Per Annum..

EDITORIALS.

Again the management of the COLLEGIAN passes from tried to untried hands. Ours can never be that accumulation of experience that characterizes other magazines. Nor is anyone more keenly conscious of his need of this experience than the present editor. As your representative in the college world, with a deep sense of our duty to you and of your trust in us, we enter this new field. Although aware of the great responsibility resting upon us, yet we feel we are powerless except through your support. This is *your* magazine, the exponent of your thought and feeling. With you depends its success. We have a college of which we are justly proud; let us strive to make the organ of that college one upon which we can look with equal pride. Let us strive here to crystallize our thought and talent that others may see and seeing know

or your duty. Nor can you claim your duty fulfilled by merely subscribing. There is a duty more fundamental than this. You are individually responsible for the COLLEGIAN'S existence. There are some students who think its management is in the hands of a few and that they have no part in its publication. Thinking time too precious to be spent in writing for their paper, they barter it for *grades*. As long as these exist instances will increase for those who argue that the better the man in college, the worse the failure in life. Blindly striving for individual gain they miss the secret of college success. There are others who are genuinely interested in their magazine and do all in their power to promote its success. In the increase of this class alone depends the growth of college spirit and the hope of the realization of our ideals.

We have no radical change to make, no different plan to pursue. Let us all strive together with the advance of our college to make this the most successful year in the COLLEGIAN'S history. In our capacity we shall do our best. And if in any place we fall short of our duty, know it is not from absence of purpose but lack of ability.

Story Prize.

In writing for the COLLEGIAN the students will find substantial encouragement from Dr. Kern. He wishes to continue the prize formerly offered by Prof. Bishop, a prize of \$10, awarded for the best story appearing in the COLLEGIAN for the year. The contest is to be decided, after the last issue, by three judges appointed by him. We hope, we feel sure the entire student body will show their appreciation of his interest in them by making this a contest of masterpieces.

Prof. D. H. Bishop has left our halls, but in the memory of those he taught there is a record that time can never obliterate, a place another can never supplant. For four years he has filled our chair of English as we thought no one could. Only those who knew him as a man and as a teacher can realize our loss. We congratulate the University on her success. He will doubtless endue her with new life. But though we may lose all of our teachers, the knowledge of our loss would but serve to quicken our determination that, despite all handicaps, we will still hold above all others the flag of our college.

Annual.

We look with intense interest upon a movement already on foot, a movement to get out an Annual for Millsaps this year. We wish it the greatest success. We believe the time has come when we need an annual. Not in parrot imitation of all other colleges, for Millsaps can set a precedent of her own, but we should aid the undertaking because we really need it. We need something more cosmopolitan to sum up our college year; for us a complete souveneir of every phrase of college work, a fitting memento for our friends, one that will reflect due credit upon our institution and be the more appreciated because it more perfectly pictures ourselves in college life. In this nothing can take the place of an Annual. The Collegian cannot hope to be a souveneir of material life. Its province lies more in the realm of thought than in action. A portrait of action is needed to recall life. All this and more

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

M. S. PITTMAN, Editor.

This is the thirteenth session of Millsaps. Though this is an unlucky number, let every student feel at home and help to make this the most prosperous year in the history of the college.

Young man, do you want success and want your college to succeed? If so, join the Y. M. C. A., the Literary Society, the Athletic Association, and trade with those who advertise in the Collegian.

Gold influences political parties, silver has defeated one candidate for President, but brass continues to rule the world.

Complimentary to the youthful appearances of one of our new Professors, the question was asked him by a new student who chanced to meet him on his arrival whether he would enter Prep or Freshman. The Professor modestly replied that he was the Prof. of the Chair of English.

As circumstantial evidence of the life of every class and organization in College this year, they have already held elections. This is a good sign. No success can come without organization, but when a body of young, healthy, ambitious Southern boys co-operate for the accomplishment of an end, the result is sure to be success.

Two College boys were recently commenting upon the ability of our honored President, when one of them said, "Dr. Murrah is a wonderful man, isn't he?"

"Yes, you bet he is," was the rephy, "I wish I had his head."

"I don't, unless it had more hair on it," the student responded.

The prospects of the Literary Societies for this year are flattering. Each succeeded in initiating a large number of worthy men. Both Societies have made wise selections in the choice of their officers for the first term. The officers of

the Lamar are: J. B. Ricketts, Pres.; W. A. Williams, Vice-Pres.; W. G. A. Flemming, Secy.; C. H. Kirkland, Treas.

The officers of the Galloway are: A. P. Hand, Pres.; E. B. Allen, Vice-Pres.; G. C. Terrell, Secy.; E. C. McGilvray, Treas.

If you want to keep in good health, keep clear of a clouded countenance and always be free of homesickness and the blues, join the Athletic Association and take plenty of exercise.

Millsaps is sure of great improvement this year in the way of athletics because of the wise selection which the Athletic Association made in the choice of its officers. Prof. J. E. Walmsley was elected President; J. E. Carruth, Treas.; W. A. Williams, Secy.

Be sure to patronize those who advertise with the Collegian.

Dr. Sullivan, of the Chair of Science, has invented a gas and is now generating a quantity of it which will kill mosquitoes. All praise to the inventor. !!

Dr. Schwartz has decided that he does not need any cavalry forces either (ither) in Latium or Greece, but that better service will be gotten from a large infantry. Will you join the infantry or change your collegiate course? Don't back out, boys.

Millsaps is to be congratulated upon having such a strong band of young men, who are preparing for the ministry. The preacher boys have formed themselves into a body known as "The Preacher's League." They recently elected as their President W. N. Duncan; Vice-Pres., J. A. McKee.

Messrs. W. F. Cook and D. C. Enoch, of the class of 1903, and C. R. Ridgeway and W. C. Bowman of 1904 are studying law at University of Mississippi this session.

Prof. H. B. Heidelberg, 1903, was on the campus recently. Among the prominent visitors at the College during the

month were Rev. J. R. Moore, of Shreveport, La., and R. H. B. Gladney, Holly Springs, Miss.

The Young Men's Christian Association is doing splendid work this session. The reception which was given by the Association on the first Friday night of this session was a success. More than three-fifths of the student body are active members, and there are seventy-five men who are taking the Bible study work. Young man, be sure that you take an active part in this work.

The Sophomore contest for the Andrew's medal was held on Saturday, during last commencement. Every speech that was delivered was excellent, but it seemed to Wirt Williams that he had the vote of the audience for the medal. Feeling sure of his success, Wirt went on a visit to his home to tell of his victory and was returning on the early morning train Monday to be in the college chapel to receive his prize at 11 o'clock A. M. Wirt had but a short distance to come but he became drowsy and fell asleep. A vision rose before him and he saw himself as he was awarded the prize and was borne as a hero from the rostrum. The pleasure was too great for the somnambulist and it waked him just as the conductor cried, "All aboard!", and the train pulled out from a depot. Wirt thought that he had slept too long and that he was leaving Jackson. He rushed to the door and made a wild leap in the dark. After freeing himself from a wire fence and collecting his shoes and hat from along the road, he searched the heavens that he might find his bearings. To his surprise he had gotten off the train two stations above Jackson, one hour before day and no other train to Jackson till 2:30 P. M. "Who got the medal?", did you say? C. A. Bowen. "What did Wirt get?" A walk from Tougaloo to Jackson before day.

Why is Fikes' head like Heaven?
There is no parting there.

All of the classes from Prep to Senior, are displaying a

good deal of enthusiasm. All have held class elections, adopted class caps and colors, passed a number of resolutions and prepared class yells. The Seniors petitioned the faculty for optional attendance on all chapel exercises, the Juniors asked for a special study of love poems in their English course, the Sophomores raised a large campaign fund for the aid of Parker and Davis to the amount of 37 cents, the Freshmen organized a foot-ball team and a Latium cavalry, while the Preps appointed vigilance and information committees for the purpose of looking after the verdant and meandering of their number. Below are the officers of the college classes:

SENIOR.—J. W. McGee, Pres.; L. F. Barrier, Vice-Pres.; W. L. Weems, Secy and Treas.; M. S. Pittman, Poet; T. V. Simmons, Historian.

JUNIOR.—Francis Park, Pres.; Bob Carr, Vice-Pres.; J. L. Neil, Secy. and Treas.; O. B. Eaton, Historian; R. M. Brown, Poet.

SOPHOMORE.—W. A. Williams, Pres.; D. T. Ruff, Vice-Pres.; C. L. Neil, Secy. and Treas.; C. C. Applewhite, Historian; Bessie Huddleston, Poet.

FRESHMAN.—W. F. Murrah, Pres.; Miss Halbert, Vice-Pres.; J. M. Hand, Secy.; H. R. Townsend, Poet; J. C. Bowen, Treas.; J. C. Roussaux, Historian.

Some mention has been made of an annual at Millsaps this year. Why not? Can't Millsaps do what many other colleges of less note than she have done? "But one thing is needful." Have we that "good part" within us? That is unity in purpose, steadfastness in determination, and liberality of the pocket-book. Let's all heads together and get out a creditable annual.

Join the infantry, take a part in athletics, and push the ANNUAL.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

S. M. GRAHAM, Editor.

While we are all anxious to keep up with our fellow students and all events connected with them, let us not lose sight of the dear ones who have just left us and are facing the stern realities of life, let us note the beginning of their real careers, and the positions they have so readily occupied as a result of the honest efforts made while here:

Charlton Augustus Alexander, Law student, Jackson.

David Leroy Bingham, Student of Commerce, New York City.

William Chapman Bowman, Law student, University.

John Clanton Chambers, Salesman, Poplarville.

Louise Enders Crane, making conquests, Jackson.

Dolph Griffin Frantz, Reporter Clarion-Ledger.

Miller Craft Henry, Medical Student, Tulane.

James Madison Kennedy, Editor and Teacher, Mont Rose.

William Marvin Langley, Minister Louisiana Conference.

James Marvin Lewis, Minister, Thomasville.

Joseph Hudson Penix, Prin. High School, Edwards.

Charles Robert Ridgway, Law student, University.

Walter Anderson Terry, Minister, Terry, Miss.

Lovick Pinkney Wasson, Minister, Plattsberg.

Benton Zachariah Welch, Medical student and Y. M. C. A. Secretary, Memphis.

These facts are but earnest of greater attainments as is the case with those who entered the Alumni Association earlier. It should be very interesting and encouraging to us to note that there is not a single idler in the class of '04. This is, however, entirely in keeping with the record of the Alumni of Millsaps which we sincerely hope will never be broken.

We have four Alumni in the University Law School whom I think deserve some reproach. I have heard Alumni of the

University advising others to take law under the Millsaps Faculty, which shows that it is a matter of choice, in which case we should have College pride enough to "stand pat" and support our own institution.

We say to those who have left us to lead their class and hold up our high standard.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. E. CARRUTH, JR., Editor.

In presenting this department of the COLLEGIAN, the editor sends greeting and best wishes for a successful year, to the other journals. The coming of the exchanges to our table is looked forward to with pleasure, hoping to find and know them as true representatives of friends in a kindred work.

The editor of this department takes up the work with a great deal of interest and concern, looking upon it as being most pleasant as a whole. To be sure it is less agreeable to be criticised than to take the initiative, yet the opportunity of having our chance in turn will be enjoyed. Nor is it to be inferred from this that the COLLEGIAN expects and encourages adverse criticism in the various journals, but rather that they should be perused with unbiased minds, so that just comparison of the representatives of the work done in the different schools may be made.

The department plan is not worked as completely in our magazine as is thought best and urged by some. For it needs a good editor for some features that are hardly represented now. Yet we claim without hesitancy that the exchange department has reflected special credit upon our paper, due to the successful work of the former editor.s To think of coming to their place to carry on the work they have so acceptably begun, makes one feel more forcibly the importance of this arduous task. If we are not correct in our judgments, and happy in our choice of selections and clippings, we hope to be honest in our opinions and express them justly, wishing and ready for suggestions and help.

CLIPPINGS.

The Broken Thread.

Like the threads of the warp without woof are men;
Narrow, and straight, and unadorned;
Stretching along from birth to death,
Meaningless, isolate, bound to the loom.
But infinite love is the woof of the cloth,

Binding and blending life and life,
Creeping along from thread to thread,
Till the patterns grow from the weaver's hand
To the tapestry whole, in the life of man.

But, broken thread, thou hast marred the cloth,
Even the woof cannot bind you now.
There's a fault somewhere in the work complete
That should have been faultless and perfect instead.
The flying loom of life cannot cease
Its back and forth, for a broken thread.

A. G. DAVIDSON, Emory and Henry Era.

Little drops of gravy,
Little grains of grits;
That's the stuff they feed you on;
That's the grub that hits.—Ex.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Cats are harmless things,
For the man is dead that slumbers
When a cat at midnight sings.—Ex

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN



JANUARY 1906



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The Millsaps Collegian.

VOL. 7. JACKSON, MISS., NOVEMBER, 1904. No. 2.

A PLEA FOR LIBERALISM IN SOUTHERN LIFE.

SPEECH DELIVERED BY O. W. BRADLEY IN CHAUTAUQUA
CONTEST AT CRYSTAL SPRINGS, MISS., JULY 23, 1904.

The development and destiny of a democratic government are determined by the strength of the citizen. A nation's grandeur is in ratio to the greatness of its men.

Indeed, no people has ampler grounds to be proud of the part played in the development of any particular government or civilization than the Southern people. The progress in the different branches of our national life has always showed the significance of Southern hand and heart, Southern patriotism and integrity have always been the greatest impetus to national progress. But while this is true, it is also likewise true, that the South has wended her way into unfavorable and lamented conditions. Conditions that tend towards a "standstill" rather than progress.

It is not through the pessimistic eye, we think we see these conditions nor do we offer criticisms originating in a heart betraying Southern principles. But they are conditions brought upon us by the fostering of principles and deeds of the trodden past and a complete indifference to the call of a progressive age. The great problems and natural tendencies of the times demand that liberality of thought, nationality of politics and industrialism of products in the South, to which she was blinded in the century just closed. The Southern man does not realize that the South is indeed a part of the

Union. He is aware of the fact that the South has the same constitution and flag as the North, yet, he looks at the South as being somehow independent, and should ever be an opposer of Northern ideas. He feels the South must oppose to sustain her past history. There is a dislike in agreeing with or yielding to one who has brought us defeat.

No criticism could be made on the Democratic party for opposing other parties. For that is the mission of political parties. While we believe the democratic party to be unliberal to some extent, yet, it is not an unliberal party, but an unliberal citizenship crystalized in a certain section called the South, which represents the greatest strength of the party. There is nothing unusual in one party being unliberal towards the other but it is detrimental to a government when a people look not for national but sectional interests. A united South was not made in a day. It is the result of long years of strife and political agitation. Slavery, tariff, industrial organization and the race problem all have had their influence in placing the South in her present condition, since physical conditions often determine beliefs. The slaves were not needed in the North, and the tariff was not needed for Southern protection, thus, did the two sections become united in these opposite opinions. And ever since that awful struggle of the "Sixties" the South has been still closer united and thus today stands upon opposite grounds to all Northern ideas and movements, not because of political belief but political prejudice. Feeling because they were enemies in that civil strife, they were destined to be so forever. Today we look at the nation as consisting of two heterogeneous people.

This lack of liberal thought and politics in the South is seen in a two-fold light. First, as the party of opposition. For forty years the Democratic party has been the opposer and not the constructor. When the citizen is unliberal, the party is also and the only function of such a party is to be always ready to oppose, which finally renders it incapable of successful administration. Secondly, we see it

the stronger in the citizen who declares the Southern man shall not change his opinions which he has inherited. The prevailing ideas in the South were our father's by choice, but they are ours today by inheritance. If the founders of this Republic voted and thought by their own free choice, so must those who preserve it.

Many think, when we offer this criticism that we overlook the fact, that the South is justified in being so united, since the race question has been the cord that has bound us, in one opinion. But, shall any sentiment or idea, however valid or correct, deprive the citizen of individual thought? This is a plea for the citizen who gives his neighbor the right to speak and vote his convictions, and not ostracise him from our respect and midst because he thinks different. The son of a Confederate verteran today pronounces his neighbor a "Republican" or a "lover of the negro" and changes as far as possible all social and business relations if he is anyways liberal in his views. The unpardonable sin, in the eyes of many, is to change an opinion or differ with our fathers of forty years ago. Conditions are changing; but a few years ago the patriotism and hopes of the Southern man never crossed the Mason & Dixon line. There was a time when such conditions were excusable, but today when the strength of the South has no equal by any country of like area, we should have that individual liberalism that becomes a progressive people. Narrow thinking is the destroying germ of the national as well as the individual life. The citizen who is liberal enough to see the needs of his entire country and form his convictions above all feelings of prejudice demonstrates the truest element of a developed citizen. The liberal minded man becomes the national-hearted citizen, for liberal thinking is the life-germ of national hopes and feelings. And national hopes in the citizen lay an indestructible basis for a good government. Organizations increase as a people develope and the organization often tends to deprive the individual of convictions. And while the Democratic party

is a party of principle and deserves the greatest devotion, yet, let us not demand a neighbor shall be one because his father and his friend are Democrats. One united to a force by compulsion rather than by choice loses the sense of individual responsibility. The tendency of Southern Democracy is to crystalize the public opinion to a certain view that the individual would hesitate to express his mind. Co-operation and parties are essential but not so blind as to enable men to control the line of individual thinking. There is a way a person can be a loyal citizen and correctly say—

“Pledged to no party's arbitrary sway,

We follow Truth where'er she leads the way.”

Some of the best scholars and statesmen of the South deny that the Southern man is unliberal. A close observation, however, reveals the situation. Theoretically, he has freedom of thought and speech but it is not practically enjoyed. One who thinks or writes different from the Southern man of yesterday is not received by the Southern audience, nor is he at home in their community. The criticism passed by the Southern man upon the leaders of the Democratic party as compromising with Northern leaders in planning for the fall campaign shows its presence. Conditions point to the fact that the Southern man will oppose the victory of the Republican party this fall on “personalities” rather than by a discussion of political issues. When the faculty of a Southern college demands the resignation of one of their members because he expressed a view that they did not approve; when a group of Southern law-makers refuse to hear a man speak, whose intellectual ability bears a national reputation, because they thought he might differ with them on Southern problems, we cannot but conclude that there is a lack of liberal thought in the South. The ideal of the Southern man is above such conduct. “He has his ideals and he honors them, but biased opinions do intrude.”

This lack of liberalism is shown under the light of present conditions. There is nothing that stirs Southern blood more

or awakens the ideal dreamer who has been asleep amid the ruins of an heroic past quicker, than to know that the South, representing one-third of a representative democracy, is but a silent wheel in the guiding forces of this Republic. Time has established that unwritten law "that no Southern man or a Catholic shall be the successful presidential aspirant." The Democratic nominee is never uneasy about the vote of a Southern state. It is known "she's solid" and will support the party regardless of nominee or principles advocated. This is but the result of cherishing "set" opinions. Democracy means discussion and discussion means education. And where there is but one doctrine taught there will be but one practiced. These conditions have prevailed so long until there is no sympathy for the one who attacks them. The lack of such liberality has been the force that has driven our gifted sons to more friendly climes and today the men who ought to be the leaders of the Southern cause are the representatives of other sections, made so by necessity rather than by choice.

Opposites have existed since the beginning of the Republic and they must always exist for the maintenance of government. But let these opposites no longer be represented by a solid North and a solid South. Let it not be that a state or an individual can fervor or oppose a measure only when the South does as a "solid." Let the individual speak and vote for those measures that are his convictions. Man must control the organization, but the organization must not control the man.

While we must admit that the Southern man does not enjoy the full scope of free thought and speech on political questions because he has been unliberal in his views, yet we cannot but appreciate a spirit of liberalism is sweeping the political sky of the South. There is nothing that marks the passing to a more liberal age in the South than the rapid change in our views towards national questions. The Southern view of the race and tariff problems is entirely different

from that of forty years ago. The South is not found arrayed against a protective tariff as in other days. But realizing her resources to be undeveloped, her industries to be in their infancy and standing in the morning of an industrial struggle, and seeing the Panama Canal throw wide open the door for her entrance into the commercial seas of earth; she rises in the cause of protection, knowing that when the agricultural South becomes the commercial South she receives the crown of American power.

There is no greater hope for a high and developed citizenship as in the South, where the democratic idea is the spirit of every life. And since democracy seeks to complete by perpetuating the individual—putting the individual first and the organization second—I could dream of no grander land than the South representing an “Educated Democracy,” where the citizen is the sovereign and lives in sympathy with the political and commercial demands of the age. Such a democracy alone is the natural solution of the problems of today.

Then if we are to be indeed a free thinking and speaking people let us take the opportunities of the hour. And while the South leads the world in her appropriations to extend educational advantages, let her also cut the cords of unliberality and speed the progress. No longer condemn the man of different view. But let us honor the man of individual convictions and who has the courage to speak them. Let us be a people capable of judging what measures are best for our local interest and the nation at large.

Shall the Southern man not be awakened to the conditions? Shall he forever hold in the glow of memory the form of an heroic father and inherit his noble virtues, then prove to be unworthy of such an homage? Shall the South with her present endowments, standing face to face with the commercial world, completely ignore these conditions and continue to follow her fruitless traditions?

, Then let the individual of the South arise to the fullness

of his strength, and though differing in mind but not in heart, unite with the sons of other sections to form a march towards a higher and grander destiny, treading

"Upon one soil, beneath one flag;

The same purpose and a common God forevermore."

Then, in the light of the millenial dawn, when the stars of other nations shall fall into the silent keeping of eternal night, the glorious star of Southern life and principle shall be seen to shine forever.

A MARTYR TO A GOOD CAUSE.

On the second evening of the Confederate Reunion at Memphis, in 1901, a group of ex-Confederate officers sat discussing various generals and battles, and relating personal incidents. Finally the conversation turned to young officers, and Colonel Stevens remarked that the most promising young officer he knew during the whole war was Captain Charles Peabody, who was killed in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

"Didn't his death affect his reputation in some way?" asked one of the others present. "It seems to me that I remember hearing something about it."

"Yes," answered Col. Stevens, "you know he was expelled from school on account of cowardice."

Some surprise was expressed by others of the party that an officer in Pickett's charge should have ever been accused of cowardice.

Col. Stevens then told this story:

"Peabody and I were in school together at Jackson Military Academy, at Westham, Va., before the war, so I knew him personally. He was from a fine family some where in the northern part of the state and was very popular in school, both with the boys and faculty.

"Now you know in nearly all military schools before the war a boy was expected to do a good deal of fighting. Well, he had an extra lot of it to do at Jackson if he held anybody's respect, for we had a sort of unwritten law in school that a

boy must fight whenever he was called on to do so. And it didn't make any difference, either, how big the other fellow was or how little cause there was for a fight. When anybody said "Fight," you had to fight or be called a coward and go home.

"Peabody was different to the other boys about fighting. He didn't have a single fight while he was in school, though he was there nearly three years. He was a good athlete and liked to box and wrestle, but he never gave anybody a cause to fight, and everybody liked him too well to give him one.

"The year I graduated, and in Peabody's Junior year, there was a big, overgrown bully in the Freshman class named Stubbs. For some imaginary cause Stubbs soon took a strong dislike for Peabody and began to look for a cause to fight him.

"A little while before Commencement the cause came. For some fancied slight from Peabody, Stubbs felt himself highly insulted and wrote a blustering demand for an apology. Peabody ignored it, and it was soon followed by a still more blustering challenge to a fight. Peabody didn't pay any attention to this either, and the report got started that he was a coward.

"You know how that kind of report takes hold. Also that when you admire a man and he turns out bad you condemn him as much as you admired him before. Well that report and the old rule turned everybody against Peabody except his roommate and two or three others.

"Now right here Peabody introduced a new doctrine in our school. He held that he was a gentleman and could not fight Stubbs and hold his self-respect, for Stubbs had already proved that he was not a gentleman. He said that to accept Stubbs' challenge he must place himself on an equality with him, and he objected to doing that. He said that if Stubbs could show a good reason for fighting him and would send a gentlemanly challenge he would meet him at any appointed time or place, or if Stubbs, or anybody else, would face him with an insult as a man should, he would at once knock him down just as he would strike a dog. It is rather strange

that nobody cared to test Peabody on that point, but we didn't. Something in his manner forbade it, so we just avoided him and showed our hostility so plainly that he soon resigned his office of lieutenant in his company and returned home.

"Peabody was just twenty at the time, and it was a great pity to see a young man with his abilities foiled by such a coward as Stubbs proved himself to be by this very circumstance, though we were too blind to see it. We saw too many cowards go home to grieve over Peabody very long.

"For a year or so after Peabody left school I didn't see or hear anything of him, and then the war came on. I raised a company and joined the Confederate army and forgot all about Peabody till the day before the Battle of Gettysburg. Then I saw him as my regiment marched into position at Gettysburg. He was standing talking to a group of officers, and among them was his roommate at school, Henry Johnson, now colonel of a regiment. I noticed that Peabody had on a captain's uniform, and I heard a little later that his company had been stationed at some little post below Richmond since the beginning of the war, and that this was his first campaign. Johnson's regiment had been cut to pieces at Chancellorsville and when it was re-formed Peabody's company had been added to it.

"There were several of the old Jackson boys in my regiment and when I told them about seeing Peabody they laughed and we all thought it was a good joke for him to be captain of a company. We wondered what he would do when he smelled powder.

"I didn't see Peabody any more till Longstreet was forming us for the attack on Cemetery Ridge on the third day of the fight. My regiment was in Wilcox's brigade and Johnson's was in Pickett's division, and we were placed side by side.

"As soon as I had time I looked up to see how Johnson was arranging his regiment. I was surprised to see Peabody forming his company in front, for you know it takes a mighty nervy man to lead his company in a bayonet charge. Besides,

Johnson's regiment had a pretty good name and I didn't think he would care to risk anything on Peabody, although I knew he never would go back on him at school. But I soon saw that Peabody knew what he was doing. He had evidently not been idle during the three years he was at Fort Fulton below Richmond, and now instead of being excited and shaky he was as cool and calm as any old veterean I ever saw on parade. I even heard him joking with some of his officers as he used to do when drilling sometimes at school. Then all at once I saw what was really in the man, and I knew that if this charge failed Charles Peabody would never leave Cemetery Ridge alive. Then I saw why Johnson let him lead the charge.

"Finally the cannonading that had been going on for two hours stopped. We were ready, and the word was given to charge. You all know how things went then. We were hardly started good before the Yankee artillery opened on us again, and before we were half way I saw Peabody's color bearer fall. He caught up the colors himself and from then on led the charge in person.

"It's a thousand wonders he wasn't killed before we ever reached the breastwork, but he wasn't. We got over the breastwork after a time, and captured the guns, but we were not supported and had to give them up. It was then that Charley Peabody died, and a more glorious death I never saw. He was fighting by my side when he suddenly said with a sort of sob, 'Look here, Stevens, this won't do! I MUST do something or everything is lost!' Then quick as a flash he turned to his men and said so he was plainly heard above the noise of the battle, 'Men, follow me! Charge!' Then he threw himself right into the very thickest patch of Yankees he could find. He still carried the flag and I caught a glimpse of it as it waved an instant and then went down. A thousand men sprang forward to recapture that flag and the body of their comrade! But it was all in vain, and after a desperate attempt we had to give it up, for we were outnumbered and

just simply overpowered. We were forced back over the breastwork and down the hill, and when we finally got back where we started we were only seven thousand out of the fourteen thousand that had started such a short while before.

"But that wasn't the climax. Old Doctor Barnes reached that when Jackson Military Academy was re-opened after the war. He was the president of the school, and in his opening address he spoke of Charley Peabody. He told of how Charley had had the moral courage to stick to what was the manly and right thing to do while on all sides he was denounced as a coward, and that, too, by silence and contempt, the most stinging way of expressing it. Then he spoke of how Charley had drilled and disciplined his men and wished for a chance to do something for his country while he was held inactive at Fort Fulton; of how he was finally given a chance to do something; and of how well he did it, even though it proved useless. He ended by saying that the principle so manfully contended for by Charley Peabody should henceforth be the ruling principle of the school."

Col. Stevens paused a moment and then added, "I'll tell you, gentlemen, I'd rather have had Dr. Barnes say something like that about me than to have had the honors of any other ten men that ever went to Jackson. Why, do you know the boys that go there even now are taught to regard Capt. Peabody as one of the greatest martyrs that ever died for a just cause."

And the Colonel's hearers agreed that he was indeed a martyr for a just cause.

L. E. PRICE.

JIM'S JOKE.

"No sirree, you will never see the day when I can be as easily fooled as Sam Bently. Why the other day he went to sleep in church and when he awoke some of the boys told him that the preacher had called on him to pray while he was asleep; and do you know, he apologized to the preacher!

No, I always know what I am about. You can't fool me that way." This was the declaration made by Peter Saunders one day at dinner. Jim, his little brother, held a different opinion, however. So he set out to prove his belief correct. For a time he racked his brain in vain for some way to fool his big, wise brother. Finally he hit upon a plan which he believed would be successful.

One evening as twilight was deepening into dark, Peter took his mule from the plow and started towards home, a quarter of a mile away. It was dark when he got home and he had to light his lantern to see how to feed the stock. He knew that a good supper was being prepared, because the air was filled with delicious odors.

After seeing to things at the barn he went to the house. When he had washed he started to the kitchen, but before he had gotten to the dining-room the supper bell rang. At the table sat his wife and Jim, who was as mischievous a boy as one ever sees. He was always playing pranks on animals and people alike. These pranks were usually of a harmless nature, however. The supper eaten and the things put in order for the night, they went to the porch, where they sat awhile before retiring. They retired very early, as is the custom of country folk.

About midnight, Peter was awakened by groans proceeding from the next room where Jim slept. Arising, he went into the room.

"Jim, what's the matter?" he asked.

"O-o-o-h m-m-e-e," was Jim's reply.

After trying several times, he failed to get a more definite answer and, as Jim was tossing about seemingly in great agony, he began to be alarmed. He ran out to where he had staked his mule that night, forgetting, in his haste, to wake his wife. On looking about, what was his surprise to see no mule at all! Just then he heard him sneeze some distance away and stumbling forward he found the mule complacently nibbling the tops of his best young corn. Jumping on, he set

off at a mad gallop to the house of his nearest neighbor, Sam, a mile off. He was off before the mule came to a full stop, and ran to the house. His cries and frantic knocks soon awoke Sam and lighting a lamp he came to the door. What a strange sight met his gaze—Peter Sanders, hatless, shoeless, with his clothes disordered and hair disheveled.

"Sam," cried Peter, "come over to my house with me, quick! Jim's sick or somethin', and I don't know what to do."

"All right," answered Sam, "I'll come as soon as I get my horse."

In a few moments both men were racing along the road. Reaching Peter's home, they dismounted and went hurriedly into the house and on into the supposed sick room. What was the sight that greeted their eyes and the sound, their ears. As they entered, a burst of laughter assailed their ears, and there on the side of the bed, dressed, sat Jim, laughing as if his sides would burst! Amazement was pictured on the faces of Sam and Peter. When he could get his breath, Jim cried, "April Fool! I got you this time, Peter. You said anybody couldn't fool you!" Peter's and Sam's astonishment soon changed to indignation when they found that they were only the victims of a joke.

"Yes, Peter, I'll never do it again." But he continued to tease Peter unmercifully for being fooled so easily. When the country folk found it out, they led Peter a merry life, indeed.

"JOHN," '07.

A LEGEND OF THE YAZOOS.

CHAPTER I.

Near the conjunction of the Yazoo and Sunflower rivers stands a tremendous mound, which even to this day has a few tall trees upon it, but at the time of our story, long before the white man came with his plow and axe, many more tall trees (than now) rose from its sides. It was entirely covered with a carpet of green, broken only by little patches of flowers

whose white and scarlet blossoms but added to the beauty of the green. Here and there in the open places the sunflower lifted its face to the sun, and from the feet of the oaks the tiny violets gave their perfume to the fresh spring air.

There was at the top of this mound the wigwam of an Indian king who was in his time one of the greatest and wisest chiefs in the South. His people numbered more than any of the neighboring tribes, and never, since he commenced to reign had he lost a brave by capture. He had only one child to cheer him in his age, a proud and beautiful maid. Even the "Little Sun" of the great Natchez had visited her father, hoping to win her as his queen. But when asked to go with him to the land of the Natchez, she answered:

"I can not leave this place to go with you. Here have I hunted the gay plumed birds and tamed the little bear. Oh! tell me not that the 'Father of Waters' flows grandly by your father's mound! It can not equal our own little stream whose passing waters laugh as they kiss the fern-clad banks. Go and fight in your wars, and forget the daughter of the Yazoo King!"

The "Little Sun" went southward to his home with a troubled, restless heart to plunge into the wars of his country, and in them he was slain.

Years flew by swiftly and soon the Indian maid became a woman with black eyes, made dreamy by their depth of color and half hid by long lashes that almost touched her cheeks, and behind her smiling lips her teeth showed in two little rows of pearl. She was tall and slender and carried herself with that pure grace which is given only to the daughters of nature. In her the old chief found his joy and she filled his life with love that had so long been empty.

One night when the braves were all asleep the old chief sat in his wigwam door. The moon looked down from a cloudless heaven, bathing the dewy grass in its soft white light. A breeze was blowing softly from the west, fanning the face of the Indian king, as he sat dreaming of an Indian princess,

the mother of his only child, and of the happy moons he had spent with her before she had gone to the vale of the happy hunting ground. From this reverie he was wakened by a small hand laid gently on his shoulder and a clear, sweet voice saying, "Father." The old chief drew his daughter to his knee and said: "My little pet, I have been thinking of your mother and how like her you are."

The old man sat quietly for a few moments stroking his daughter's head, then continued: "When your mother was but a maiden there was a great war in our country. We were fighting a nation from the North that had come to drive us from our plains, where we had so often roamed, free as the moonbeams which now are playing on the bosom of yonder river. And at last, after many battles we drove them back, but in the last an arrow bore me down. I knew nothing till the rays of the morning sun were shining in my face. I opened my eyes and saw a face so lovely that I forgot all pains, for a beautiful maid was bending over me, the one of whom I had dreamed many an evening when a youth, as through the sleeping forests I chased the deer or tracked the bear to his den. And with cool, soft hand she was bathing my burning head. She had bound up the wound with loving hands, and through the long still night had stayed by me while death in all its terrors boldly walked the field.

"I was taken to her father's wigwam and cared for many days and when I returned to the Yazooes the daughter of the Choctaws came with me, for the maiden who had watched over me through that long night was the daughter of the Choctaw king. You can never know what joy I felt when your mother placed you in my arms one day after a long and fruitless chase, but my joy was soon gone for as the Sun sank, little one, your mother passed into the great unknown, and child, I fear that soon you too, will go from me. A hundred princes have sought your hand in vain but soon one will come who will win you, and you will leave your father's wigwam to be the light and joy of another's. But ere this time

shall come I wish to go to the land where the skies are never cloudy and the fields are always filled with game."

The next day the village was startled by the news that a band of pale-faced beings were marching towards them, some riding beasts whose shapes were never seen before. Soon after came an envoy from the Choctaws begging the Yazooes to come and help them fight the people whose faces were like the snow and who fought with thunder and with fire. And in response to this appeal the best men in the tribe were gathered together at once and went to fight the white men who were crushing the neighboring tribes with the power of the rain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our struggles here are very great,
And cares upon us roll.
The pow'rs of darkness seem to hate,
And to destroy our souls.

But tests are only meant for good.
They make our souls more strong;
For in the fiery furnace should
Tempers to us belong.

Like scum in the refiner's pot
Our weakness floats above;
God takes it from us in a lot,
And fills our hearts with love.—J. C. ROUSSEAU, '08.

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EDITORIALS.

This is a mechanical age—an age of mechanism applied to all things spiritual and material. The workman has forsaken his shop and a machine rules in his place. Iron fingers have clutched the tools from the living hand. Mechanism has replaced man's brawn and eclipsed his skill. At every turn in life we are met by some labor-saving mechanical device. When we consider the wondrous progress of mechanism from the hand of the monk to the mimeograph, from the wooden letters of Guttenburg to the linotype; when we contemplate its marvelous achievements; when we see the wonders of nature bound by irreverent hands and made the slave of levers and checks to do man's bidding, we wonder less that men deify the spirit of mechanism.

and blindly worship at its shrine. For them it has revolutionized the industrial world. Nor do we challenge its right to reign therein. Here it has lifted man above drudgery and bestowed upon him greater privileges and blessings.

Dazzled by its subjugation of the material, men have suffered its invasion of the spiritual. It enters the moral realm displaying on its banner the motto, "*Honesty is the best policy,*" luring men to follow virtue for material reward, driving them by fear of punishment into paths of outward righteousness, teaching them to dread not so much the condemnation of God as the anathema of public opinion.

Men no longer worship and adore, for even the intellect has been subjugated by this dominating spirit. The modern intellectual giant stoically stalks through the temple of nature, beholding not its beauties but analyzing and classifying its component parts. Through his mechanical device the evening star is shorn of all its radiant beauty and presents only its earthly bulk. To him the greatest hero or reformer is not the exponent of his God-given powers but the mere puppet of circumstance. Man is not the masterpiece of the Divine architect but a material body, a protoplasmic evolution. Intellect, yielding to the material fetters, originality; the monument of mind and crystallization of thought stand a huge Colossus under which the present thought must pass. Literature shows its debasing touch. Authors write books to *sell*; turning his genius into a machine to liquidate a debt, Scott degenerates an Ivanhoe into a Count Robert of Paris.

Of intellectual degradation the natural outgrowth is the mechanical in education. In all of our schools the spirit of commercialism is paramount. It has been aptly said our idea of education is personal effectiveness. We do not ask a man what he ^{knows}, but what he can do; to what visible tangible result his knowledge can be converted. This is the spirit that is crowding from our colleges the classics and all things tending to culture, that is pouring from our universities philosophers or mechanics regardless of talent or adaptability of

mind. Science gives a formula: the student puts in the quantities and by a systematic turning of the crank, ignorant of the covered process, grinds out the desired quantity. A grammarian formulates an iron-clad rule and says *perfect* cannot be compared. Rules and formulae have eclipsed principle and too often we are content with the shadow of the thing we seek.

No one can say to me because a thing is law it is right. Because my innate self tells me it is right, therefore for me it is law. Emerson said to believe your own thought is genius. To give ear to that voice, however weak, within, rather than the loud-sounded dicta of some great master, to trust that one ray of intuition rather than the galaxy of world lore—that is to be great. No mechanism however convenient, should be the channel of my thought. Yet in striving for a thing rules and forms may be essential. The youthful Shakespeare adhered to rules, but the matured dramatist banished forms and cared not whither he roamed, because his subjection to the higher law was complete. In striving for a different condition maxims of conduct may guide our action, but shall the method seduce us from the object? Shall Theseus never quit the chase to turn the stone? Shall the rule forever hide its treasure? Though the force of outward circumstance is powerful, though the allurements of mechanism are enticing, though its genie shackle and threaten to destroy our true individuality, yet we believe man free in hand and foot will not be bound in head and heart, but will rise up and assert his God-given superiority. For man is not the slave of mechanism, but its lord and creator.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

W. W. DUNCAN, EDITOR.

BRED IN THE BONE.

In his collection of short stories entitled "Bred in the Bone," Thomas Nelson Page has given us another delightful

glimpse of many interesting phases of Southern life during two periods, the one just prior to the Civil War, the other just subsequent. The author tells us that he has chosen the title of this volume not so much because of the first story, but because all the stories are founded on traits of character which have appeared to him to be bred in the bone. For instance, in "The Spectre in the Cart" we are led to believe that it is perfectly natural for even the most cultivated person, under certain conditions, to see apparitions. In "The Sheriff's Bluff" it was bred in Mary Creel, the comely daughter of Squire Jefford; to bluff any one who imposed on her or her loved ones. In "The Long Hillside" we see the inevitable delight experienced by the "children," "the dawgs," and even the old slaves during a hare-hunt "in ole Virginia." The power of a little child to banish a feud, bred in the bones for generations back, is touchingly portrayed in "The Christmas Peace." "In Mam' Lyddy's Recognition" we realize that even aspirations for "rec'uition" finally fail to overcome the loyalty bred in the bones of the faithful old servants who are now so rapidly disappearing. The author has done well in the selection of characters with which to illustrate this central idea; but this collection of stories poorly compares with "In Ole Virginia." Nothing more beautiful than "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady" has ever been penned by a Southern writer. "The person who has never read them has missed something akin to the loss of the town-bred child who treads among forests of stone houses and has never known the forest of nature, the perfume of wild dog-roses and the unsoiled beauty of God's sunshine." One in passing from "Marse Chan" to "Old Jabe's Martial Experiments" feels as if he had quit a sumptuous dinner for a light dessert.

The interest of the first story which gives this volume its name, centers in an exciting race in which a "green country boy with a pedigree," inspired by "a girl in white" and backed up by uncle Robin, an old family slave, spurs on to victory his horse that possesses remarkable racing qualities.

From the view-point of traditional superstition, "The Spectre in the Cart" is interesting. It is the relation of weird hallucinations experienced by a cultured lawyer who for a long time maintained that there was no such thing as an apparition. Though he did not believe in ghosts and labored persistently in the prosecution of the two negroes, he was not quite certain about the "body that was dangling from the white limb of the sycamore," and even afterwards admitted that he had seen *apparitions*.

As we read "The Sheriff's Bluff" we laugh aloud at the manner in which the Sheriff, attempting to bluff Judge Lomax at the expense of Dick Creel, is "clean bluffed" by Mary Creel, "a woman of some intellect and considerable determination," who is resolved that she shall not be taken for Mrs. Turkle.

"Old Molly Hyah,
What yo' doin' dyah?
Settin' in de cornder
Smokin' a cigah,"

gives us in fine style old uncle Limpy Jack as he takes the lead among the "childern" and the "dawgs" as they all race over the hills in the hare hunt on the eve of the Christmas season. We hear the prolonged bark of the dogs in the distance and the shouts of glee from the happy boys at the sight of "molly cotton" bouncing over the hill. One, who knows anything of the genuine Southern life during the '60's, thoroughly enjoys "The Long Hillside" as he listens to the shouts of a dozen boys calling out all together, "Look-a yander! Dyah she go! ! Dyah she go! Dyah she go!!"

The expression "a little child shall lead them" comes to our mind as we read "The Christmas Peace." For a little boy, Oliver Drayton Hampden, is instrumental in bringing about a reconciliation between his two haughty, aristocratic, noble-hearted grandfathers at the happy Christmas time. Thus an end was put to a feud which had existed, *bred in the bone*, for many generations between the two families.

The leading characters in this collection of stories are not

mere photographs—they are *real* people. "Uncle Robin" is a true type of the faithful slave of ante-bellum days. There is something striking in his devotion to the grandson of his old "Marse" and in the care he takes of the old race horse on the evening of the approaching races. This grandson, Mr. Theodoric Johnston, wearing through "his sun tan a look of distinction" wins our admiration as he determines to win the race or die for the sake of his sister, whose education is unfinished, and for the sake of Miss Ashland who smiled at him so kindly and who defended him at the races and whose rose he wore in the breast of his jacket. At the close of the races we learn something more definite of Miss Ashland. She offers her congratulations to the young rider who in return "looks suddenly deep into her eyes," which in part explains her interest in "de good hoss." Her pure and simple manners and her love of right cause us to feel that she is worthy of the love of "the green country boy with a pedigree." In "The Sheriff's Bluff" Judge Lomax, a man of "heroic ideals, Spartan simplicity, inflexible discipline," and Alec Thompson, the Sheriff, a jovial man, daring even to rashness, stand out in marked contrast. We feel that much of Dick Creel's success in life is due to laudable ambition in his behalf of Mary, his wife, who worshipped her husband. In the portrayal of Uncle Jabez in "Jabe's Martial Experiments," Uncle Jack in "The Long Hill-side" and of "Mam' Lyddy" we feel that the author knows the negro and renders his dialect perfectly.

The character sketches and aspects of nature presented in this collection of stories are drawn by the hand of a master who has an insight into the motives of those of whom he writes. The "good ole times" so graphically described bear the stamp of fineness of workmanship. One can hardly read them without a quickening of the breath and a moisture of the eye.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

M. S. PITTMAN, Editor.

The school boy's gold vanishes like hail on a summer's day, his silver is used up during the first week in paying tuition and buying books, but his brass is like love, it increases with the using.

The commencement debate between members of the Lamar and Galloway Literary Societies promises to be one of much interest, even more than for any former year, because of the special strength of the speakers who shall represent each society in this contest. Each speaker, who shall participate in the debate, was chosen because of his ability as a speaker and his zealous and continuous service to the society. Messrs. L. F. Barrier, of Rolling Fork, Miss., and W. A. Williams, of Sallis, Miss., will represent the Lamar; while the Galloway will be upheld by Messrs. J. E. Carruth, of Auburn, Miss., and J. S. Purcell, of Plainsdealing, La. The subject for the debate will be selected soon and these young gentlemen will begin upon their preparation for the mighty combat.

President Murrah went to New Orleans on business recently. How the Seniors missed him while he was away(?)!! Two lessons less each day.

Although Fikes has no hair on the top of his head, the place "wha' de wool awter gro," Dr. Schwartz succeeds in getting him right badly wool-gathered at times.

Among the number of old and new students who have entered college recently are J. N. Hall, W. H. Robinson, and J. K. Williams.

The Law Department of Millsaps is proving itself a great success. It is only a few years old, but already many of its alumni are standing in the very forefront of their profession. By many non-partisan attorneys over the State, Millsáps Law School is now recognized as the strongest in the State. Among the alumni of this department of our College there are many

who are holding prominent positions as attorneys for railroad companies, trusts, etc., and others who hold high official positions, among them are our present Attorney General, State Supt. of Education, Adjutant General President of A. & M. College, a Circuit Judge in Texas, and others too numerous to mention. The present law class is perhaps the largest and is composed of stronger men, as a body, than any class of previous years. The class has organized a club to be known as "The Whitfield Law Club," in honor of their beloved professor, Judge A. H. Whitfield. They have been given a room in the new capitol as their club-room and will have weekly meetings there. The class enrollment is twenty and they have chosen as their President, Mr. J. A. Smiley.

When Pres. Roosevelt had officially ordered a national Thanksgiving day, all the classes had call-meetings to determine the things for which they were most thankful. Each class met in its assembly hall and decided upon the following things: The Seniors were thankful that Dr. Murrah had been called away on a business trip of a weeks' duration and left no deputy to meet his classes; that soon the conference would occur and Dr. Moore and Dr. Murrah would give them another weeks' rest. The Juniors were glad that they had to study Anglo-Saxon but one term and that there was no math in Junior year. The Sophomores rejoiced that they did not have to pay a seven dollar laboratory fee but one year, and that they had found an able quadruped to bear them through the first book of Livy. The Freshman were delighted that they were the *biggest* class in College. The Preps were elated over the fact that soon Thanksgiving would be here so that they could see the *sights* of the city—the capitol, the Insane Asylum, and the Fertilizer Factory.

Letters from home which say, "Study hard and make a great man," are very encouraging, but a box of *handsome* grub and a *delicious* check will cheer the school boy much more. Am I not right? Eh?

The society anniversaries promise to be specially good this year from the speakers who have been chosen. The members of the societies who were chosen are all very good school-boy speakers and we are sure that each and every speaker chosen will prove his appreciation of the trust and honor which his society has placed upon him by preparing and delivering a splendid speech. The societies are to be congratulated on the judgment which they used in selecting on these occasions. Below is the program which will be rendered on these occasions. Galloway Anniversary: E. C. McGilvray, Williamsburg, Orator; A. P. Hand, Shubuta, Anniversarian; D. H. Bishop, Oxford, Literary Address. Lamar Anniversary: J. B. Ricketts, Jackson, Orator; M. S. Pittman, Rosedale, Anniversarian; A. F. Fox, West Point, Literary Address.

Dr. Sullivan says he is not to use a tube for a telephone any more when he is the one in the pit and the Juniors are talking from above with plenty of water close by.

Mr. J. L. Neill is spending several weeks at home on account of sickness. He will not be back till after Christmas.

Thanks, turkey, box from home, love, laughter, rest!!!

The Literary Societies have made a wise move this year in determining to publish a College Annual. This has been talked of for several years in the past, but the Societies have assumed the responsibility of making the undertaking a success. Each society has selected two associate editors and a business manager for the Annual. The Galloway chose L. E. Price and E. B. Allen associate editors; J. L. Neill, asst business manager. The Lamar selected J. N. Hall, L. F. Barrier, associate editors; J. L. Sumrall, asst Business manager. The Faculty have appointed A. P. Hand, Editor-in-chief and J. P. Ricketts, Business Manager. Let every boy do his part to make the Annual a great success.

The mid-sessional debate between the Lamar and Gal-

loway Literary Societies will occur on Dec. 9. Messrs. Simmons and Pegram will represent the Galloways in debate, and Mr. L. E. Price will represent them as Orator on that occasion. J. W. Bradford and J. N. Hall will uphold the Lamars in the depbate, and Mrs. Schwartz will give an interesting reading on that occasion. This is looked forward to with much interest.

The interest which is displayed this session in college athletics and, in fact, every phase of college life has become a topic of discussion both in the college world and in the city of Jackson. The reason for this is very apparent. Most of our professors are young men who have not forgotten the needs and the wishes and the pleasures of college boys. They realize the truth of the old saying that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and therefore encourage everything for the boys. In the recitation room they are strict, yet they cause every student to feel at ease, they give long lessons and grade closely, but when the school hours are over and the time for play comes, they are on the tennis court playing side by side with the boys whom they have been instructing, or in the gymnasium giving instruction in some difficult feat, or on the campus coaching a foot ball team, or umpiring a base ball game, or training in oratory some congressional aspirant. This interest which is manifested by the faculty in the student body is very much appreciated by the boys. It begets the highest respect and truest friendship and causes the student to feel that the professor is made of the same stuff that he himself is, fed upon the same food, sleeps under the same sky, and is inspired by the same muses and that he is not some mysterious knight hailed from some magic land of golden wands and skeletons and hob-goblins. Familiarity may breed contempt but association of the professor with the student-body is conducive of the purest respect and highest type of honor, and not that honor begotten by fear.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

S. M. GRAHAM, Editor.

The old adage, "Every sweet has its bitter, every joy its sorrow and every pleasure its pain," is constantly impressed upon our minds with increased force, even in the most trivial affairs as well as the most grave and most serious matters pertaining to life.

Association in college, where life-long friendships are cultivated, is a glorious privilege, but separation in college most frequently means separation for life. The incident unpleasantness is partly obviated by communication through these columns. So I most earnestly urge the Alumni of Millsaps College if you would make this department interesting and worthy of our readers, if you would have it to be just what it is intended to be, a chronicle of your glorious achievements since you left your Alma Mater, then do your simple duty. Your part may be insignificant to you, yet it is of most vital importance to the COLLEGIAN and its readers. There are many entered apprentices who know that Millsaps has won fame from her Alumni and would like to point to them with pride if they only knew them: so for the sake of these who know you not but would like to, please send all items of interest concerning the Alumni to the editor of these columns. Do not fail to report all marriages or announced weddings. It is sincerely hoped that this blessed experience shall come to each of the Alumni.

In the last issue mention was not made of one of the class of '04. Last but not least is Mr. Ellis Cooper, who took high rank in his class and is now holding the chair of Latin, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Mr. H. B. Heidelberg, '03, who assisted in the Yazoo City Public Schools last year, has been elected principal this year. We predict a bright future for Mr. Heidelberg in any sphere which requires excellence of character and intellect.

Dr. E. H. Galloway, '00, who is one of the most promising

young physicians in the State, has just passed in his "auto." It seems that he is not so well skilled in manipulating his machine as he is in his profession. As a result, he is limping.

Mr. F. E. Gunter, '02, is one of the most successful insurance men in the State, but he is seriously neglecting his domestic affairs.

The names and reputations of Judge Francis A. Austin, President J. C. Hardy and Attorney General William Williams all remind us of what heights of fame are possible to be attained. Those of Revs. Guice, J. B. Mitchell, W. N. Duren and J. R. Countiss all remind us that we too can make "our lives sublime." And last, but by no means least, are Misses Holloman, Crane, Millsaps and Hemingway, to whom all praise and love be forever and a day.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. E. CARRUTH, JR., Editor.

We are glad to welcome to our table a large number of former exchanges, but many of those we are most accustomed seeing have not yet arrived. We hope that at an early date this list will be as large as before, and continue to grow until there is felt the thrill from the life of the body of students throughout the Southern section, through the medium of their respective magazines.

One of the best journals that has come to us is the SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. For solid matter that is worthy, it is hard to be excelled. "Strong's Road to Manhood" is a well written story that is interesting, and portrays a true feature of manhood. "The Courting of Tildy" bids fair to set forth well some negro characteristics, and is a successful attempt at the dialect. The departments are well represented, but the Editor's criticism for their paper is just, as for

many others, in lacking the pleasing relief given by bits of poetry.

THE JOURNAL presents itself in an attractive and well arranged form, and is one of the best of our exchanges. The orations, essays, and stories are interspersed with clever pieces of verse that add much to the whole of the item.

In THE EMORY AND HENRY ERA we meet a monthly that is easily above the mediocre. The form and arrangement, as well as the reading matter, show careful and successful work. Of its stories the "Last of the Scorpions" and "Beaten at His Own Game" deserve special mention.

THE OBSERVER contains some excellent stories and pleasing verse. "The 'Painter' of the Hickahala" is a story that presents itself in a fresh and striking way the life and incidents of frontier life.

We acknowledge receipt of the following journals: THE CRIMSON, THE COLLEGE REFLECTOR, THE WHITWORTH CLIONIAN, UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI MAGAZINE, HILLMAN LESBIDELIAN, DEAF MUTE VOICE, OLIVE AND BLUE, and THE LIMESTONE STAR.

CLIPPINGS.

"Surrender, Beatrice," I cried,
For my heart was sorely wounded.
"I suppose I must," she said,
"For I see I am surrounded."

Of course I've seen trees holler,
Seen also a board walk;
And of the trees that leave in Spring
I've often heard them talk.

But some one saw a house fly,
But that to me was new,
For every time I noticed
It was the chimney flue.—Ex.

The Betrothal.

The Moon and the Sun chanced to meet one day
Behind a sheltering cloud,
But, oh! what the Sun and Moon did say,
I dare not tell aloud.

For the Moon is a beautiful fairy queen
And the Sun is a warrior bold;
And now whenever her light is seen
She wears a great ring of gold.—Univ. Miss. Magiazne.

The Millsaps Collegian.

VOL. 7. JACKSON, MISS., DECEMBER, 1904. No. 3.

TO MILLSAPS.

Millsaps! Oh noble school, we love thee true!
The Church, with higher manhood as its aim
Devised thy plan and set thee here. Thy name
Is now a word for power. For one to rue
That thou art here, indeed would be to sue
For ignorance. Thou art great throughout the land,
A vast domain submits to thy great hand;
For eloquence, to thee all praise is due.
Thy code of morals is a higher plane
Than that of other schools which proudly boast
Of halls more rich and larger throng. A host
That teach through greed, not love, cannot inspire.
May thou, by work, add glory to thy reign
And cleanse the South by purifying fire.—P. 28.

THE ADOPTION OF BUDDHIST RELIGION IN CHINA.

A LEGEND.

WRITTEN BY OUR CHINESE STUDENT.

In tracing the history of the world, we find that Buddhism is one of the most remarkable and oldest religions that ever existed. It was founded by a Hindu sage, Buddha, in the 6th century, and it was soon adopted as a religion in Central and Southeastern Asia.

Buddha was supposed to be a prince of a Hindu monarch. Owing to his misconduct and extravagance, he was driven out of the Imperial family by his father, and from the luxurious palace. It was a painful and sorrowful sight to see such an honorable prince wandering about in his father's domain.

He, who had enjoyed pleasure and was an heir to the throne was in sorrow and a wretched condition.

Finally he recanted his early vices and became a sage. The doctrine which he taught to the Hindus was to leave this evil world and to live in convents and thus obtain future happiness.

At the close of the Han dynasty there was a noted king named Ping-ti. Several years after he had ascended the throne, there was a remarkable event which was worthy to be recorded in history. It happened one night when he was soundly asleep, he dreamt a beautiful dream. There was an angel standing in front of the altar saying that there was a saviour in the far West, one who taught a better religion than Confucius.

As it was quite near daybreak, it vanished before he had time to question it. The monarch awoke and knew he had seen a vision. On account of his strong determination and his desire for a true religion that would benefit him and his people, he soon became greatly interested in the vision. It was determined that the matter should be brought before his ministers and advisers.

Not long afterwards a meeting of the most distinguished men was held in the palace. In this council it was resolved that they should go abroad and hunt for the Western Saviour, who was announced in the vision.

The king collected an enormous amount of money to raise a fleet. It was then that sailing ships were used. They were clumsy and not well equipped, unable to endure the rough waves and the strong gales. However, by the Imperial order, they were set out on this expedition, manned with a number of ministers and armed men, who knew nothing of the sea-life or the other parts of the spherical world.

The company sailed out under the dragon flag, the Imperial standard, and soon were drifting in the open sea. On account of the rough waves and the strong blasts in the vast and boundless ocean, these inexperienced travellers were soon

terrified. It seemed the rolling waves would engulf their ships every minute.

Not knowing whither they were going, and it being uncertain that they would ever again reach their far-away homes, it was with boundless joy that they at length saw land. Though the land was strange to them, it was in great joy they left their ships. It was India. The language of the people was so different from theirs that they could hardly talk with them. By signs they acquainted the people with their mission, and the people told them of Buddha, their native saint.

Owing to their excessive joy at so soon meeting success, they immediately sailed for home with Buddha. On arriving the people were eager to see him whom the angel said was the Saviour. Buddha was conducted into the palace where he gained the highest honor from the king. He soon learned the language and spread his doctrine over all the country and it was adopted as the state religion.

Alas! had their fear permitted them to go further they might have reached Palestine and brought back a true religion to China! As it was, she quickly became the champion of Buddhism and her people are now acknowledged to be his ardent apostles.

SING-UNG ZUNG.

The Hoggonette.

The Hoggonette, an instrument
That makes the sweetest sound,
Its melodies as they float out
Are heard for miles around.

How great the charm its music is;
To those who have an ear
For thrilling strains both pure and sweet,
Inspiring joy and cheer.

It fills the heart with ecstasy;
Makes burdens as a feather;

The soul and it blend into one
And soar away together.

'Tis not the kind of instrument
You find in church or temple;
It has no strings or complex parts,
But is quite plain and simple.

'Tis not a thing all finely wrought
Obtained by wealth alone,
But is a low-priced instrument
Which poor folks too might own.

To tell the world how it is made
I think it is my duty;
An instrument so wonderful,
So notable for beauty.

Just take a piece of solid plank
And bore some holes all in it
With auger bits both large and small,
In this way you begin it.

Then back your hogs up to the holes,
Through which their tales you run;
Then knot them on the other side
And the Hoggonette is done.

And then the music you would have
By pulling each one's tail
Would cause an angel to come down,
And imps in hell to wail.—W. G. A. FLEMING.

A LEGEND OF THE YAZOOS.

CHAPTER 2.

For weeks nothing was heard save rumors of the white man's victories, until one day at night-fall five canoes landed bringing three white captives captured far up the river by some braves returning from a chase. A short time before

four men had escaped from the Spanish forces and had kidnapped Hernando De Baltey, the nephew of DeSoto, intending to force him to intercede for them when they should arrive at the fleet in the Gulf. They took two canoes captured from the Indians and paddled down the Yazoo, seeking the Gulf and the ships which Desoto had ordered to follow up the coast, living on game which they found along the river. Two of their number had been killed soon after starting and the rest drifted many days hardly daring to touch the banks. They were captured as they slept one night, tired out and without a guard.

When the prisoners were brought from the boats the whole village, in its war dress, was stationed along the banks, dancing and shouting and chanting their war songs. They had come to see the white man die.

The Princess had been out that evening hunting the birds which had richer plumage than the rest with which she intended to deck her dress, and while returning in the twilight she heard the war-whoop near the river and hurried toward it, reaching the scene just as the prisoners were led ashore. She watched them as they stepped up the bank, and as she looked she caught the eye of De Baltey. She felt as she gazed into his eyes that something new had come to her, a strange sweet joy so unlike the passion that had often held her while she watched the bodies of other captives writhing in the tortures of the fire. And as she thought of torturing him who had brought to her that new joy she turned faint with horror. At last she knew what had come to her: she loved him. Then she swore that he should not die; and while the gathered council of the chief was discussing what manner of death the white man should die, she came to the youngest brave in the council, her playmate in childhood, one who had but lately been admitted to the chief, and begged him to ask for their lives. He loved the Princess and had sworn to do whatever she wished to be done, but he was ambitious also, and he knew that if he begged the lives of these men he would likely be called a coward and spurned from the face of his king as being too cowardly to

live with braves whose bodies had felt the pangs of torture without a murmur. He fought the battle with himself; no word of appeal came from the maiden's lips, her eyes alone were fastened on him pleading with him to be brave. Love, at last, overcame; hopes and ambitions he threw aside, and raising her eyes to hers he said: "I obey you, Princess. I will ask their lives though mine will be the price."

Her eyes filled with tears as he said these words, and bowing her head to hide them she gave him her hand. The young brave rose slowly and joined the chief in council. His time had come to speak. His voice was low and in it there was a tone that thrilled them as he spoke.

"For what," he said, "do we kill the pale faces who have come from another world to ours? Are they fighting us?"

"No, they hardly know we live. They have come from a strange land far away, and have come this long, long journey to find that our country which we ourselves are hunting, the happy hunting ground. Oh, let us let them live! They, no doubt, are wiser than we and will teach us the secrets which they know. These people are hunting the happy vale together, while we must wander alone when we are old, in solitude and cold, in our search for game more plentiful. They will show us the path no doubt, and be our guides to the land of warmth, of flowers, and of game. And they will save us from the frightening stage of that journey, that deep silence and cold into which all must leap ere we can start upon our search. We can see but the beginning, and if the beginning is what it is, what must be the torture that the brave must bear ere he reaches the field of game. Why should we torture those who will save us? Let us let them live."

When he had finished no words of scorn were heard but instead others spoke for the white man's life and as the result the lives of the Spaniards were spared. They took up the ways of the savages easily, quickly learning the language and

though they had no scalps dangling from their belts, they soon became the most important braves in the village.

: : : : :

CHAPTER 3.

The love of the Indian maid for the handsome young Spaniard grew stronger as the days passed by, and often would she meet him as he returned from the hunt, and they would talk of their childhood and tell one another the happenings of their different worlds. For hours would the maid sit listening to the stories of Spanish life, of the wonderful buildings which men made and in which they lived, and of the magnificent dresses worn by the Spanish ladies. He told her of the splendor of the Court; for, being a nephew of DeSoto, he had lived in the midst of this grandeur from a boy. And again would De Baltey sit listening, filled with the beauty of the maiden's simple and poetic descriptions of the woods and hills or the sunlit waters and flowers covered banks of the Sun-flower. One place that she loved more than the others, she pictured in such lovely words that the Spaniard, charmed by her description, begged her to take him there.

One evening they slipped from the village while all the braves were idling away the afternoon; some sitting with their backs against the trees smoking in their content and laziness, while others lay on the soft green grass half asleep, only moving to escape the glance of some beam which by persistent effort had stolen through the tangled mass and leaves of vines into the shadows where the sleepers lay to fret them into action, as if the sun, the great mother of all action, so busy herself, seemed averse to inaction on the part of her children. No one saw them as they slipped through the tangled woods except one who rose, as they passed, stealthily as the panther who sees his prey approach; his black eyes blazed with such intense hatred that even a fiend would have quailed beneath their gaze. He glided noiselessly and with the cunning of a fox through the woods, always keeping them in sight. When they reached the river he waited in the cover of the woods till their boat

was well on its way, then going swiftly to the water, plunged in and after swimming the Yazoo followed up the bank of the Sunflower; keeping them well in sight.

Agewa, the young brave who had defended the white man when he came a prisoner doomed, it seemed, to certain death, had learned to hate him; he saw that the love of the Princess was no longer his, but given to the white man. He had often followed her as she went to meet De Baltey and his eye would burn with a jealous light at each kind word or smile she gave his rival. Today he followed them from habit, no doubt, for he was not yet so jealous that he would dare to think of killing the white man who had come, as he thought, as the messenger of the Great Spirit.

At last they came to the end of their journey, the place that the Princess had so often pictured to De Baltey. It was a small island entirely covered with green except for a rim of pure white sand which with gentle slope reached to the water. It seemed that the island had been crowned by nature, for a wreath of wild roses, which at this time appeared to be a solid mass of white, encircled the island in its snowy beauty. Within this circle of roses a little opening covered with soft green grasses, and in the center rose an oak which cast its giant limbs out on every side to such a distance that the island was almost all in shade.

This island has long since been borne away by the mighty torrents which have come since then, sweeping by it in the fury of their power, washing it down and now it can be seen only in very low water. Now it is but a bank of mud, of which no one would dream that it was once crowned with flowers, and that man had stilled his restless spirit there, listening to the murmur of the passing waters.

De Baltey drew the boat ashore and followed the maiden as she made her way through the rose bushes. When she reached the foot of the oak she sat down leaning against it. De Baltey threw himself on the soft grass by her side and busied himself in watching and studying the expressions which came

upon her face. She sat with one hand lying idly in her lap, the other holding her chin, gazing down the river, watching the red, glowing sunlight playing on the water. He watched her intently some moments, a strange feeling coming over him, stranger than any he had known before. He lay there wandering if it was the stillness of the evening, the murmur of the river, or the beauty of the sunset that had cast that strange sweet quiet upon his heart. At his continued gaze the maiden turned her eyes to his and when their glances met some magnetic force seemed to draw them closer to each other. With their eyes they told their love for one another, and they were happy. De Baltey leaned over, took the maiden's hand and pressed it to his heart and said: "Can you not return my love, Lawana? I never knew what you were to me till this evening, but not knowing it, I have loved you since the evening I came a prisoner, to be saved from death by you."

She did not answer him in words but her eyes told him her answer in a purer language than the tongue can speak. Long they sat there, each too happy to speak, while the sun sank slowly behind the clouds. They were sitting watching the sunset when De Baltey, with a cry of pain, fell on the grass by her side, pierced by an arrow.

Agewa seeing the two land on the island, waited till they were lost from sight behind the rose bushes; then he slipped noiselessly into the water, and with a few strokes of his strong arm swam the distance to the island and crept without a sound out on the sand, and with the quietness of a cat he made his way through the hedge of roses to a place where, though they could not see him he could see and hear all that passed between them. As he watched them, so forgetful of the rest of the world, his jealousy mastered him and he swore that before the sun set the white man would be no more. He heard with increasing anger De Baltey tell the maiden of his love and when he saw her clasped in his enemy's embrace he sprang like a tiger from his hiding place and with his bow he threw an arrow which found its way through the body of his rival, and rapidly

darted back into the growing shadows. He ran swiftly to the water's edge and threw himself far out into the stream; for he knew that in her excitement the maiden would forget to look for the murderer till after he was lost from sight, hidden in the mist of the river.

The maiden, when she saw her lover pierced by an arrow, sprang up with a cry of fright. But her love soon overcame her fears and she knelt down by his side and tried to soothe his pain. She ran to the water and brought some back to bathe his wound, and when he regained consciousness, with her support he struggled to his feet and leaning on her arm, or rather carried by her, he made his way to the boat and was rowed home by her and carried to her father's wigwam.

For many weeks he struggled bravely for his life, and at last, under the tender nursing of Lawana, some of his old time strength returned so that he was able to take short walks out of the village into the forest or along the river. On all these walks Lawana was with him pushing aside the vines which obstructed his path or helping him over the rocks which barred his way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

R E F L E C T I O N S.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO KIPLING.)

Examinations, known of old—

The terror of every class—

Beneath whose awful risk we hold

One chance in ten to pass.

Lord God of Wit, in Thee we trust,

Lest we bust—lest we bust!

The riding and the working cease—

A week of strife to behold—

Then we'll have a week's release,

Many pleasures to unfold!

Lord God of Wit, in Thee we trust,

Lest we bust—lest we bust!

Far called our fancies wander now,
Visions of distant joy to see—
Trusting we'll pass just anyhow
Leaving all to Fate and Thee,
O! Lord of Wit, help Thou must!
Lest we bust—lest we bust!

If drunk with sight of pleasures all,
Exams for us have not awe—
O Lord! let us receive no fall—
See the good, overlook the flaw!
Lord God of Wit, in Thee we trust,
Lest we bust—lest we bust!

For happy heart that puts her trust
In luck and fortune all alone,
We know, O Lord, will surely bust,
And that will cause full many a groan—
For dull wit, and foolish word,
Thy mercy on these students, Lord!

J. W. S.

Amen.

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

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Published Monthly by the Students of Millsaps College.

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EDITORIALS.

We are fast approaching our term examinations, **College Honor.** the test that in a great degree is to determine our sessional standing. The prize so great, to many the temptation will be great to obtain it by unfair means. For some time there has been complaint from the students about the amount of "jacking" on examinations, especially in the lower classes. Optimists for some time have doubted a serious condition of affairs. But there is no use evading the question longer. It is undoubtedly beginning to take hold in its most virulent form. Cheating once, two dishonest examinations, a hundred of them, would not be so bad; but it is the well established habit of some students, the

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

M. S. PITTMAN, Editor.

Christmas gifts, Santa Claus, home, no lessons, hunts, parties, sweethearts at home from school and love, laughter and song are now the day thoughts and night dreams of the college boys.

The past month has been spent with good things for Millsaps' students. We could not afford to tell all of their joys, for the principal one was the absence of some members of the faculty from school for several days. If the faculty knew that we delighted in this, they might expel all who participate, or what is worse they might not leave any more.

Thanksgiving passed off gloriously for Millsaps. Turkeys were captured and annihilated by the College boys at every eating place; even Dr. Ackland, the faithful College custodian, fared sumptuously that day on turkey and then bedecked his hat with the old gobbler's plumes, tastefully interwoven with autumn leaves and joyously yelled for the foot-ball team. Millsaps played a little foot-ball game that day with the Jackson boys and easily brought into the Athletic Association \$60.00. The leading features of the game were the two sixty yard dashes made by McGilvray, the preacher member of the team. Oh, that more preachers liked foot-ball as "Mc" does! !

Dr. Murrah went to Lake Providence, La., about the first of December and preached a sermon for the people of that city, and officiated in the dedication of a very handsome new church.

Bright Sayings of the Senior Class.

The Aenead was written one thousand years before B. C.—FIKES.

The chicken had been borned the night before.—WEEMS.

He killed the man in cool-blooded murder.—GRAHAM.

I see where Dolly Varden is to be here soon, what is she to play?—SIMMONS.

What day of the week does Thanksgiving come on this year?—ALLEN.

Mr. W. M. Langley, '04, spent a few days on the campus recently. Mr. Langley was on his way to the North Mississippi Conference from Benton, La., where he has been preaching during recent months.

Mr. Geo. Robertson visited club-mates, the Kappa Alpha boys, on the campus on Thanksgiving day.

The Kappa Sigma fraternity was tendered a very delightful reception by Mrs. C. B. Galloway on Nov. 12th.

The Kappa Alpha boys entertained informally, a number of their friends at their handsome chapter house on the 19th.

Mr. W. L. Weems, of Shubuta, visited his sons at the college on the 24th of November.

What has happened? That's the question for the local man

Silver and gold determines a man's standing in the social and business world, but there's nothing but brains and brass that affects a man in the college world.

The most interesting mid-sessional debate ever held at Millsaps, perhaps, was the one on the evening of the ninth, between the Galloway and the Lamar Societies. The following program was rendered:

Oration by L. E. Price. Debate—RESOLVED, That the election of Mr. Roosevelt was for the best interest of the nation as a whole. AFFIRMATIVE—Galloway—T. E. Pegram and T. V. Simmons. NEGATIVE—Lamar—J. N. Hall and J. W. Bradford. A reading by our accommodating Librarian, Mrs. Schwartz. The debate was lengthy, yet spicy and interesting, throughout. The question was decided in favor of the affirmative. The reading was more than excellent, and so much pleased the audience that she was called back to the rostrum

for a second time, to which she responded with the "Milwaukee Bootblacks," a very interesting and difficult piece of alliteration.

We are glad that so many of our Millsaps boys are already necessary to the Methodist conferences of the State. The professors and students who attended the recent sessions of the conferences were to the North Mississippi Conference: Dr. Murrah, J. N. Hall, W. N. Duncan; to the Mississippi Conference, Dr. Moore, W. L. Hightower, T. M. Bradley, O. W. Bradley, R. P. Fikes.

The Millsaps Glee Club is now practicing songs for the recital to be given by Mrs. Swartz after Xmas. They are making their selections from "The Most Popular College Songs," recently gotten out by Hinds, Noble, and Aldredge, New York. This little booklet is filled with the very best music for college attractions. We find the familiar faces of such songs as "Old Oaken Bucket," "S'wanee River," and newer ones like "Ching-a-Ling" and "Ba-Bi-Bi-Bo-Bu." The recital promises to be a great success. Between the readings the quartet will entertain with the appropriate songs.

{ ALUMNI DEPARTMENT }

S. M. GRAHAM, Editor.

Mr. W. W. Holmes, '00, won considerable distinction in his class as well as in some in the College contests, after his graduation here, entered Vanderbilt where he graduated in "Theology," '03, after winning honors over the various departments in an oratorical contest. He is now pastor of Carrollton Avenue Church, New Orleans.

Mr. T. Win Holloman, '00, took the highest rank in his class, won the Chautauqua for Millsaps. After his graduation, he took Law at University of Virginia. He represented the University in a contest with Washington, D. C., and is now practicing his profession in Alexandria, La.

Mr. T. M. Lemly, '00, entered the profession of law in Jackson. He has been elected to the office of Justice of Peace in this city. Last spring he set a much needed example to his class-mates by taking unto himself a better half.

Mr. A. A. Hearst, '01, is practicing law in Hattiesburg. Last spring he returned to Jackson and married whom he selected while in College. So you see, girls, it is not always the case that the boys have sweethearts at home.

Rev. W. M. Langley, '04, was a most welcomed visitor on the campus this week. He has been working in the Louisiana conference, and has made a fine impression. We certainly do miss his stories in the COLLEGIAN this year.

Rev. C. M. Simpson, '01, who was our "center rush" when we had inter-collegiate games, was on the campus this week greeting his many friends before going back to Vanderbilt, where he graduates this session in Theology.

We are always very glad indeed to welcome the alumni back to the campus, and would also be very glad for them to keep the editors of these columns posted on matters of interest to the alumni.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

J. E. CARRUTH, JR., Editor.

In the University of Mississippi Magazine is found a good collection of material. "Nat Shelly's Victory In Defeat," is a story that deserves mention, though it is simple and rather short. "The Acorn and the Oak," is the best piece of verse. In the article, "Should a College Student Play Foot-ball," is presented some strong argument in favor of the game and its training. And the author of the well written article, "The Foot-ball Scrub," evidently has felt the knocks and received the smiles attendant upon serving in the capacity of that "unappreciated necessity" in college athletics.

Dare vas five vays to vin success. Der fairst vay vas hard vork, and der udder four vas ditto.—Ex

The Oracle is presented as one edition of the regular Methodist Advocate from Barboursville, W. Va. While the matter is fairly good; the form could certainly be improved by a separate publication.

One of the "flashes" from the Vanderbilt Observer is still bright when taken in connection with Millsaps, and perhaps is not local at all.

A Mathematical Definition.

COLLEGE GRUB.—A constantly recurring series that approaches zero as its limit.

The first article in the Monroe College Monthly is a well written essay on "The Gospel of Nature According to Lanier." The quotations, though rather profuse, illustrate well the points under treatment. The other main articles, a story, "Could She do Otherwise?" and a poem, "A Twilight Reverie," are hardly above the ordinary.

Senior—"What part of the Bible do you believe, if you do not accept all?"

Second Senior—"O, the Lord's Prayer and Apostles Creed."
—Ex.

The Randolph Macon Monthly contains some excellent reading matter in a splendid historical sketch on "The Treason of Major-General Charles Lee," and the essay, "Shall the College Revert to the Curriculum." The pieces of verse, "Count Me a Friend," and "Twilight," also deserve special mention. The story, "Elsath," though incongruous has easy movement and beautiful expression.

We are glad to note some improvement in the exchanges that have come to us during the month. On first sight, a few of them might easily seem to have been written as campaign literature, with the avowed purpose and fond hope of de-throning (?) our present executive. Now, that the election is over and the power of affecting a decided change in national affairs is beyond the pale of our influence, we hope to see some

more suitable trend for the articles and "cuts" of college journalism, than the worn spiels against "our Teddy," who evidently represents better, or leads more completely, the feelings and tendencies of the American people, than any president of the last fifty years.

"May I print a kiss on your sweet lips?" he said.

She noodded her sweet permission,
So they went to press, (and you'll rather guess),
Printed a full edition.—Ex.

Though it is departing to some extent from what we were urging, we venture to use the clipping, by this time rather common:

(TO THE TUNE "UNDER THE BAMBOO BUSH.")
Up at the White House lives a man
Who is the ruler of this land—
Fishes and hunts to beat the band!
Cute as a spider, this Rough Rider.

One day after thought—well spent,
Teddy a telegram he sent
To an Alabama colored gent.
And this is what it said:

If you like me, my dear Booker T.
As I like the whole colored bunch,
I'd like to say, this very day,
Come up and have some lunch.

I'll show them soon, there is no coon,
Can come too black for me.
Let's have some squash, dear Booker Wash.
Under the Roosevelt tree.

Prof. of Bible—Mr. A., give us the translation of Elijah."

Mr. A.—"I didn't get that one, Professor, I got Hinds & Noble's."—Ex.

Billie looked at Mary—
Oh, what a pretty Miss!
He stole a little nearer,
Then bashful, stole—away.—Ex.

Resignation.

When our yearnings are strong,
And the time seems so long
Which God takes to fulfill our designs,
For us toilers below
'Tis a comfort to know
 'Twill come in His own good time.

For His time is the best,
And if we'll only rest
 And wait for His mercy sublime,
Cease to worry and fret
And to vainly regret
 'Twill come in His own good time.

Therefore labor and wait,
Though it may seem very late
 When the ear of God doth incline.
And remember each day
As blessings you pray,
 'Twill come in his own good time.—Ex.

—The Emory and Henry Era.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following magazines: The Polytechnian, Emory Phoenix, University of Mississippi Magazine, Blue Mountain College Magazine, The Whitworth Clonian, The Olive and Blue, Monroe College Magazine, The College Reflector, The Observer, The Hillman Lesbidelian, Mississippi College Magazine, The Emory and Henry Era, The Hendrix College Mirror, The Journal, Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Mansfield Collegian, The Columbia Collegian, The Deaf Mute Voice, and the Oracle.

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The Millsaps Collegian.

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COLLEGE LIFE.

BY M. S. PITTMAN.

College life is to society what the refiner's pot is to the miner; it selects and develops the best of a man's talents and shows him what in him is unworthy and should be cast away as dross; it nurses the children of imagination, supplies fuel to the flame of genius, nourishes to full blossom the bud of hope, dispels despair, and to the young life of the land gives a purpose and the power to accomplish its end. College life is filled with experiences of widely distributed and greatly varied natures. From the sublimely ridiculous snipe hunt of the enquiring Freshman to the solemn and impressive graduation day of the Senior; from the first humbling experience of the Sophomore in society to its culmination in the tragedy enacted by the sentimental Junior; from the leader of the German given by the Fraternity to the President of the Young Men's Christian Association; from voter in a class meeting to presiding officer of a literary society; from a member of the tiniest business league to the manager of the athletic association or of a Lyceum course; from a member of the midnight goober-grabbers and chicken-stealers to a member of a great secret fraternity, the experience of the college student may extend. We do not say that all of these are possible at any particular time but in the course of a college life all of these and more are possible. With this variety of experiences the life of a student will, of course, be wonderfully changed.

It is a failing of some people to think of college life as a number of years that must be spent in a kind of a dismal

convent, a half-penitentiary, a semi-purgatory where the time is to be spent in memorizing Puritanical maxims, pondering over scientific theories, complying with iron-clad laws, quaking, as a guilty hound before his master, in the presence of unsympathetic instructors, daily conforming to certain forms and regulations, till at last the student is to come forth from the college with his head full of theories and his mouth full of axioms and poetic couplets, impractical, with no tact, and with failure written upon his face. On the contrary, college life is that period of a man's development that is given up wholly to association and observation. He goes to college, the place where the world's greatest achievements are on exhibit, and visits often the display of the world's treasures. He goes to the science building and there he finds a man learned in its mysteries and with him as his guide he observes the same phenomena, experiences the same sensations, and thinks the same thoughts as have all of the scientists of past ages; he goes to the building of geology and there he finds a man versed in the message of the rocks who pilots him over the mountain tops, adown the valleys, through the great canons, and along the bed of the sea, and interprets the history of the world for ages past; he goes to the building of ancient languages and there he finds an interpreter, by means of whom he communes with the spirits of the past; he goes to the building of the English language and there he meets and becomes the friend and companion of Scott and Dickens, the comrade of Wordsworth and Goldsmith in their wanderings, a friend at the tavern of Bobby Burns, the admirer and sympathizer of Byron and Poe, and a wondering admirer of the genius of Shakespeare. Thus by the means of his books the college man thinks the thoughts, has the feelings, and to a measure lives the lives of all who have lived before him.

We have only mentioned the observations and associations which the college man makes and has through the study of books. Now let us notice the benefits derived from the actual association of men. In college life we come in contact with

only the best talent and brightest minds of the state in which the college is located; of course, there are a few drones—a few numsculls—but they are the exception, not the rule. It is generally the boy of each neighborhood who has stood at the head of his class in the public schools, who has been the leader on the play ground, who has won all of the thumb-papers, blue ribbons and story-books that were offered as prizes for speeches in his free-school work, who knows no defeat, it is usually that boy that goes to college. By bringing together two or three hundred of such champions, each knowing no defeat, each thirsting for greater conquest, the very best efforts of each will be obtained. Every one will suffer defeat in some of his efforts; each may gain splendid results, but some, one else will go above him in excellence in some of his efforts. He will be defeated in enough of his work to show him that other boys are as brilliant as he; he will be overcome in enough to eradicate all of the egotism that he may have acquired because of past victories, to view himself through the eyes of his fellows, to properly appreciate the genius of his competitors. He will win in enough to inspire his hope for future contests, to encourage him to keep up the fight which he is making, to show him that every labor, earnestly done, has its just reward.

In college life the truest and most just criticism of a man's life is had. His reputation among the students rests wholly upon his own works and manners. He is not measured by his family, but his family is judged by him. The time is fast coming when a man shall not be recognized because he is the third cousin of the great-grandson of some English lord, but when he shall be recognized only by the real marks of a nobleman which are found in him. He is not said to be a thief because his great grandfather killed his neighbor's wild hogs or drove the red man from his hunting grounds, but his honesty is judged by his fairness in football games, his disposition to give and take in smaller dimension toward his fellow-student, his honesty on college examinations, his reverence for his word

and oath touching all college work. If a man matriculates at a college and signs a pledge that he will not keep on his person fire-arms, nor play games with dice or cards, nor will drink any intoxicating liquors, and then breaks this obligation, he is not only guilty of a falsehood but perjury and actual theft. If he joins a literary society and promises to do all in his power to promote its interests and then shirks duty, and is a delinquent in his dues, he is untrue and guilty of base disloyalty. If he joins a secret fraternity and assumes the necessary vows which it places upon him, and then neglects his college work, or falls short of the highest type of a gentleman or in any way acts so as to bring his fraternity into disrepute in the college, he is unworthy to be known as a college man or to be recognized by men who mould and shape college sentiment. A student in college is estimated and criticised by his attitude toward all of these things. College criticism is not harsh but liberal and just. Nothing is thought of a deed if its obvious purpose is fun, for every student enjoys a joke, will enter readily into a college prank that would bring over the sea of college life a ripple of laughter, but if a prank is played as a snub to some innocent fellow, if its motive is revengeful and severe and not truly humorous and strictly philanthropic, college sentiment will quickly pronounce upon it a severe criticism and just sentence.

College association is, perhaps, the greater part of a man's collegiate education. By actual contact with the hundreds of young men with which a student comes in touch in the time of a collegiate course, he learns to be a splendid interpreter of human nature, to appreciate the whims and prejudices, likes and dislikes, joys and sorrows, early training, present wishes, and future hopes of the men whom he meets daily. By observing others' faults, he corrects his own mistakes; by appropriating others' excellencies, he elevates his own virtues; by preserving others' rights, he better understands justice; by being criticised he learns others' opinions of himself and is humbled in his egotism. We do not say that a man should neglect his text-books

for the purpose of developing himself socially, but we do say that books and men should be studied simultaneously. Certain hours should be spent in the study of books and certain hours should be spent in the practice of social life, in the literary society, in the Y. M. C. A., in the fraternity, on the campus rolling and tumbling and wrestling with the boys, in order that a man may not belong to a certain class, but that he may be a member of every class, feeling at home with all and making all feel at ease with him. It is often as awkward and embarrassing for the polished aristocrat to be a visitor in a highland cotter's humble home as it is for the unlettered mountaineer to be the guest in the millionaire's palace. Thus we see college life does not only educate a man intellectually, but practically, socially, morally, broadening him, showing him that others have rights as worthy as his, that others have thoughts as high as his, that they have ideals as noble as his own, motives as pure and opinions as infallible.

College humor has a charm that no other possesses. The world laughs with the college boy and appreciates his pent-up mischief and enjoys his good-humored and harmless fun; it laughs at the great blunders and mistaken ideas of the verdant Freshman; it contemptuously smiles at the acquired wisdom of the Sophomore; it pleasantly observes the changing countenance and feels the pulse of the love-sick Junior; and watches with interest the proud and sedate Senior. Who does not enjoy the college boy's joke on the bald-headed professor? Who would not laugh at the Senior's prank on the Sophomore, at the Freshman's first speech before the literary society, at the Sophomore's greatest production of Sophomore Gas, at the Junior's vain and varied methods of wooing? Who does not find pleasure in watching the wavering opinions of the fraternity jockey as he rides the goat along the highways and byways, through the wilderness of darkness filled with hob-goblins and ghosts, down the vale of tears, repentance and forgiveness, along the lake of purifying fire and up the heights of redemption and perfection on the other side? Who is not amused by the

modern bull-fight—the fierce combat between the school boy and the boarding-house beefsteak? College humor manifests itself in many ways, in the class-room blunders, in the mistakes in society, in puns, localisms of every kind. If a man desired pleasure, purely, without caring for the education which he might receive, it is likely that he could not find so much of it anywhere else and of such pure and high-toned type as he would at college.

College life, then, is comprehensive in its scope. It educates, refines, broadens and polishes. It does not narrow or place a limit around a man's field of action, but equips him with theories, strengthens him with facts, and makes him unconquerable because he knows men and has the tact to use them. Whether the student's certain knowledge of books—their theories and their facts—is much more than when he entered college or not, he is greatly changed from what he was when he entered college or from what he would have been had he not entered. He has gotten some insight into terms and commonplaces of a liberal education; he has acquired the habit of study and investigation and of doing things at a regular time. He appreciates culture more, he is wiser socially, he is more cosmopolitan. Awkwardness, egotism, narrowness, pessimism, all that is not liberal, worthy and commendable, have been in a great measure taken from him by his association with his fellow-students, and the correctness and instruction of his professors. He has become more tolerant, better balanced, more cultivated, and more open-minded and is thus prepared better to adapt himself to others' wishes and to use them for his own advancement.

These are some of the benefits to be derived, some of the pleasures to be had, and some of the ideals to be followed in college life.

It is no wonder that gray-header sires visit their alma mater with so much pleasure, that they remember their college experiences with such vividness, that they never tire of talking of the days when they were in school. Let us, young college

men of the twentieth century, realize our advantages, appreciate our opportunities, and enjoy the benefits and pleasures which the colleges of today afford.

A Toast.

Sophomores of Millsaps College,
I shall give a toast to you,
Give it in the class' honor—
To whose honor much is due.

For the road which you have traveled,
Since you left the second prep,
Has been full of difficulties
Facing you at every step.

May you never enter class-rooms,
Sit there trembling, anxious, scared,
Fearing that you will be called on
And the lesson not prepared.

When reciting mathematics,
May you always be assured
Of a ten when Doc. announces,
“Foll’wing please go to the board!”

May you in your English studies
Love the poet’s noble lays,
Have a great appreciation
For the grand Shakespearean plays!

Oh, that you may be successful
In your trials for a pass!
For you know you are not needed
In the next year’s Sophomore class.

May you ride no jack in travel—
Riding is with danger fraught;
Great will be your degredation
If so doing you are caught.

—W. G. A. F., '07.

Our Tiger Hunt.

John Logan, Phil Boyd and I, three friends good and true, thought that after a year's hard work, each was entitled to a vacation. Accordingly we put our heads together and planned to go traveling. We made our preparations and decided to go to Central America. So on the first day of June we put care behind us, bade our friends good-bye and took a steamer for Balize. After a delightful voyage, we landed in the tropical city. There we wandered about awhile looking curiously at the natives and their mode of living. To us North Americans, they seemed singularly careless and lazy. There was not any, or very little, bustle of trade as in our cities. Tiring of these sights we hired a native to guide us to one of the American dwellings some few miles up the coast, where we had made arrangements to stay.

This house was built upon a slight elevation, surrounded by palm and banana trees and was, to our eyes, a queer looking building. It was built in the California style of architecture; there were no fireplaces in it and consequently had no chimneys. It was as open as ours are in the summer-time upon a hot day, and was enclosed by a woven wire fence. Near it was the stock-yard, and farther away dwelt the servants and laborers in huts, the walls of which were made of poles tied together with vines, while the roofs were of palm leaves. All around, in every direction, could be seen the tall palms and various other tropical trees.

One day as we lay under these trees, smoking our pipes and talking over our future plans we heard the pigs in the stock-yard snorting and presently one of them squealed. A

small native boy came running towards us, crying, "Lacays! Lacays!" (Tiger! Tiger!). We jumped up and ran into the house for our guns. Securing them we ran to the lot and looked in. At the farther end stood a tiger as large as any ever seen in that region looking at us with his forefeet upon a half-grown pig. I made a motion to draw my gun to my shoulder but he saw it, took one leap, another, and cleared the five-foot pole fence with as much ease as I could have taken a step. I prided myself upon my quickness with a gun, but the tiger was gone before I could get a shot. We suddenly became possessed of the hunting fever and running around to the other end of the lot, took up the trail. Often as we crept through tangled thickets and scrambled over rocks and logs we saw his striped form glide into the shadows some distance ahead of us, but for all our trouble, never a shot could we get. In this way we had followed him for nearly two hours; we were hot, thirsty, tired, and much scratched, and our fever had nearly run its course. But we kept on. We came to a rocky ascent and wearily began to climb upwards. It was hard work and we were grumbling and about to turn back when Boyd exclaimed, "Yonder he is!" He said that he saw the tiger enter a cave to one side of us. When we went forward and looked in, nothing was to be seen, for the interior of the cave was as dark as pitch.

Producing sulphur (without which no one goes into the forest in that region) we poured it upon a small pile of dry twigs and stuck a match to the paper underneath, then each hid himself and settled down to wait. We watched the smoke as it arose from the fire and rolled back into the cave. To us each minute seemed an age, and several had elapsed before we heard the low, savage growl always given before the beast bursts from the cave. We waited breathlessly for a few seconds, then the tiger sprang through the smoke with a snarl and stood before us, sneezing, blinking and rubbing his eyes. That was the opportune moment and one of my companions fired. The tiger sprang into the air, clutched at empty space, and then fell at full length upon the rocks. Boyd, who had killed him, was

jubilant, but Logan and I could not help feeling disappointed that we had not had such luck.

We stood some ten paces from the tiger, looking disconsolately on while Boyd measured him with his empty rifle. While thus employed, we heard a growl and before we could grasp the situation the tiger's mate bounded out of the cave and stood for a second glaring at Boyd, then crouched and sprang. At the same instant I brought my gun to my shoulder and fired. The beast fell upon Boyd, carrying him to the ground. But they both were still and when Logan and I ran to them we found the tigress dead, with a bullet in her head, and Boyd unconscious, with several bad scratches but otherwise unhurt. He soon revived and we tied up his scratches, skinned our tigers and went home, agreeing that we three had better let tigers alone.

LANDON CARLTON.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are,
Asteroid or Pleiades, Satellite or Hercules;
How much trouble it exacts, always changing parallax,
Pushing round the apsides, backing Taurus in Aries!
Could we keep you in your path, gladly would we study math.
But the more we work with you, the more labors you must do.
When on Wednesday Sol is set, air is cold and ground is wet,
Then you twinkle in high glee, laughing at our misery,
As we Seniors hunt in vain, Saturn's ring or Tycho's plain.
Seniors, thank the unknown star, that has kept away so far,
Telescope has never shown, and Math writers never known.
Thank the pole that is so high it occults the Southern sky,
And the moon so good to hide, mountains on the other side.

"NAUGHTY FIVE."

A Temporary Interruption.

"Great day, what a racket!" exclaimed "Dunc" Walker, as in the long, low, half-story room of his grandfather's house

an itenerant "agent" was showing him the possibilities of an alarm clock.

The man laughed. He liked this red-haired, freckle-faced youngster of fifteen, as he did the boy's grandfather, known throughout the interior Mississippi county as "Ol' uncle J. C." White. Dunc's grandmother was everybody's "Aunt Molly."

"How do the clocks know when to do it?" questioned Dunc, and as the principle of setting the alarm was explained, a bright idea caused his eyes to shine with mischief, though the agent did not notice it.

"Uncle J. C." was a staunch old Baptist of the variety known as "Hard-shells." He was rich if he had only known it, possessing acres and acres of rich timber and farming lands, besides having a deal of money out "at interest"—he had no faith in banks! However, if he had had, there was none near enough to be used. He took his dram whenever he wanted it, but had family prayers every night, no matter who came or went, or what happened. The only requirement he made of his guests—and there were many, for his house, like those of his neighbors, was always open to strangers of any condition—was that they should attend prayers.

To Dunc the long chapters and longer prayers were sometimes rather irksome, but he had only to recall the one time in his whole life when he had "cut" prayers, to persuade himself that he enjoyed them very much. Dunc firmly believed his grandmother, whose hair was still a soft, wavy brown and who seemed to understand the boy better than her husband did, had, on that occasion, saved his life. For the old man, missing the boy, had incontinently suspended devotions and hunted Dunc till he found him in the barn-loft. It was a "larruping" Dunc remembered well—"Uncle J. C." was, he found, "long" at some other things besides prayers. It was only when "Aunt Molly" put her head inside the barn door and said, "Tchet, tchet!" in a disgusted chuck through her teeth that the old man left off; then he went indoors and finished prayers. Dunc had played many pranks on the old

people since then, but he had never attempted either to evade or to interrupt prayers.

For two days after he was initiated into the wonders of alarm clocks, Dunc was unwontedly quiet and dutiful. This rather aroused his grandmother's suspicions; and when for the second time he brought the wood into the kitchen unasked, she looked at him quizzically over her glasses. He must be up to some mischief, she thought, for in two days Dunc had not played a joke, except the old one of scraping his foot across the floor to make her cats arch their backs and prepare for flight. This was a never-ending diversion to the boy. However, he loftily ignored the suspicion in her look, and this puzzled her the more.

"Has Mr. Morgan come back?" she asked, as Dunc lingered in the kitchen after filling the woodbox. Morgan was the name of the clock agent.

"Yes'm, he's just come."

"Why, I thought I heard him in his room this evening. Somebody was windin' up clocks."

"No'm, he's just now come," Dunc said innocently, but he grinned when his grandmother looked away.

As the family and Mr. Morgan came into the old folks' room for prayers after supper, "Aunt Molly" was gratified to notice that Dunc was learning to shut the doors. "It generally takes him plumb till Christmas," she thought. Shrewd as she was, she did not suspect anything either from this or from seeing that, in addition to the four house cats, the three cats from the barn were in the room. After wandering uneasily about the room for some time, six of the cats settled down in the glow of the pine-knots burning in the wide fireplace, while the seventh leaped lightly upon the bed in the corner and curled up on the "White-house-steps" quilt, blinking apparently at the almanac on the dingy wall opposite. A glass lamp without a chimney smoked upon one end of the mantel, causing "Uncle J. C.'s" bald head just beneath to shine, as leaning

back in his straight chair against the wall, his feet upon the rounds, he searched for a chapter sufficiently long.

There was a pause, during which "Aunt Molly," if she had looked, might have seen that the hole in the window above her husband's head, by which the cats were wont to enter and leave the room, was stopped with an old quilt. But instead she took off her glasses and laid them in her lap and gazed into the fire.

The chapter had been announced and read to the last word, and the prayer was well under way, the President, the Governor, and the minor officers of state having been disposed of, when—

"Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!" the din of an alarm clock startled the quiet of the room, and before anybody but Dunc knew what was the matter, and before the suddenly awakened cats could decide in which direction to flee, another joined in in a slightly higher key. Almost at the same instant all the remaining clocks in the peddlers' stock set up a noise so deafening that even Dunc was dismayed. In the din no one could have told whether or not the prayer was proceeding, but the old man still knelt at least.

Suddenly, one of the terrified cats remembered the hole in the window. With one bound it reached "Uncle J. C.'s" back, and in a twinkling, with arched back and a tail twice its usual size, landed upon his shining head, in a wild effort to get out at the hole in the window. Only a minute it paused. Turning suddenly it descended the way it had come, only leaving the way clear for the other three house cats to perform similar gymnastics, while the cats from the barn raced madly about the room.

If the prayer had not stopped before, it did now. The old man, his face purple with wrath, his clean-shaven upper lip trembling and the bunch of yellow-white beard on his chin quivering spasmodically, clenched his teeth and made a swoop upon Dunc. Dunc had fully planned his escape, but had forgotten it and was collared before he knew it.

What happened at the barn that night is best imagined.

But whatever "Aunt Molly" thought—and Morgan, the peddler, did tell that she laughed about it—she did not interfere this time. This apparent desertion upon her part was a melancholy surprise to Dunc—gave him the sensation of a "lost soul," he afterwards said.

Justice having been satisfied thus thoroughly, "Uncle J. C." and Dunc came in from the barn, and to the astonishment of Morgan, the old man resumed his prayer where he had left off—and finished it.

B. H., '07.

A Legend of the Yazooos.

CHAPTER IV.

While DeBaltez lay struggling for his life, Agewa had not been idle; he had stirred up in the minds of the youths of the village an enmity toward the whites. He told them that the Great Spirit was angered for their harboring the white man and that for this he had caused their game to leave their lands and go to those of the Choctaws and Natchez. The Spaniards saw that the Indians were no longer friendly and wondered why the braves became sulky and murmured threats against them whenever they came near. As De Baltez would pass them in his walks, threatening looks would be cast upon him, and mutterings of rage and hate could be heard from every brave. The fears of the Spaniards were aroused at this and after long conferences together it was decided that they should slip from the village and seek again the Gulf and the ships of De Soto's fleet.

One evening as De Baltez and Lawana took their accustomed walk he told her that he must leave her, for he was no longer welcomed in the tribe, and go again to his friends and his country across the sea. She turned to him, her eyes fast filling with tears and asked if he was to leave her among the people she did not love, to which he replied:

"I would not leave you but you cannot go, and if we must

be separated is it not better to part alive than to be torn from each other by the tortures of the fire?"

Again she turned to him and passionately cried: "You wish to leave me now for you are tired of my love; you stole my heart and now you throw it back again, crushed and broken, when a faint glimmer of hope of rescue breaks through the darkness of your life. You used me to lighten the days of your life spent here, when you saw no way of breaking from it; but now, when you are about to escape, you leave me here to suffer the pains of a broken heart till death, kinder than my lover, gives me peace and rest."

As the maiden spoke he saw his selfishness, and ashamed, said: "I would take you, but how are you to stand the journey and the hardships of marching day and night?"

But to this she replied: "I am no Spanish maid whose life has been spent in confinement, a flower too delicate to bear its own weight; but I was raised in nature and am strong. I will take my place at the oar and ply it as swiftly as any other; I will walk through the tangled forest as fast and long as you. Oh! let me go, so that I may be near you to help, to love, and to cheer you when you are tired and lonely!"

After this appeal he could not bid her stay and so he promised that she should go though it increased his peril an hundred fold. When De Baltez told his companions that night of his intention, they ridiculed him for his folly, and called him a fool to fall in love with an Indian girl when any in the proud empire of Spain would gladly bear his name. But in spite of all their argument about the double danger they would run by taking the maiden he stood firm in his determination.

Since the Princess was to be taken it was decided that De Baltez's two companions should leave the village on a protracted hunt. This was to serve as a blind to the Indians, while he and Lawana remained to keep down any suspicions of their intentions. The two Spaniards were to go to a certain place and wait; there they would be joined by De Baltez and Lawana within a week. It was understood that if De Baltez

did not come within a week that he was caught and for them to continue on without him.

At last the time set for their going came, and De Baltez and Lawana went with them to their boat and saw them off. They reached the designated place, and waited till the week was up but De Baltez did not come; they waited another and hearing nothing of him they continued on their journey.

For many months they followed the flow of the waters, half-starved and worn out, often chased by the Indians from whom they escaped only by turning into some stream and staying till the savages, tired of their hunt, left them alone to pursue their way.

One Sunday morning in the Spring of 1544 they were paddling slowly along, half-disheartened and worn out with over work, their tired spirits soothed only by the beauties of nature; the great sun had barely risen and his first beams made the ripples on the water sparkle like a glowing gem; from the top to the water's edge a canopy of flowers covered the banks from whose gently swaying branches the dew drops fell in a pearly rain. A fog hung gracefully over the flowers, half hiding the forest trees in a veil of silvery white. The cool, damp air of the morning brought with it the fragrance of many blooms and over all a quiet rested—the reverence of nature for her God. The quietness of the scene was suddenly broken by the ring of an axe. What hope that sound brought to the men in the boat no one can know. Breathless, they waited for another—it seemed hours to them before they heard the second strike ringing its echoes through the wood. One deep breath they gave and asked as one, "Can it be so?"

Then hearing it again they cheered in a frenzy of joy. Their cry was answered far ahead by a loud halloo. It seemed to them a promise of new life. Swift their oars flew and soon they had swept around the bend and were in the Spanish camp again. With a thrilling tale of capture and escape, they put down all suspicion of desertion and were once more given their old places in the army. Within a few weeks they started on

the voyage to New Spain in crudely made ships, and after a voyage of untold suffering they landed among the few left of that brave band which but five years before had landed in Tampa Bay, fourteen hundred strong.

: : : : :

As soon as his friends were lost from view by the mist of the river, De Baltez and the maiden turned their steps toward the village, walking slowly along the pathway beaten by the restless feet of braves who years before had hunted there and whose bones for many moons had lain in silence 'neath the mounds of the valley. Neither uttered a word as they strolled along; the maiden too happy in the contemplation of the wonderful world which she dreamed she was at last to see; De Baltez haunted by the thought that never again would he hear the lusty voice of the pheasant boy waken the echoes of his native mountains, nor never again at sunset walk with his mother along the banks of the Ibis, watching the sunrays slowly retreat up the mountain sides vanquished by the shades of the nearing night.

As they neared the village they were met by a band of warriors who disarmed and bound the Spaniard. Lawana ran to her father and begged him to save De Baltez, but to all her pleadings the old chief answered: "The Council wishes the 'pale face' to die, and at sunrise on the morning after the first new moon he will be burned."

Lawana came back to her lover and told him of the chief's decree, and to soothe her in her sorrow, he softly answered: "Lawana, they are not as cruel as they seem; they give me two full weeks to be with you, to have you all my own. For this I thank them."

For two long weeks they guarded his wigwam; not a soul came near him save his guard; it seemed that the princess had deserted him for she had not come, though she promised to sit by him every evening and watch the sun go down. His fear that she was untrue was further strengthened when one evening while sitting in his doorway, he saw her walk with Agewa

toward the river. His soul raged with all the fury of a jealous Spanish lover, and he cursed her for keeping him a prisoner among the Indians when a chance of escape had come. Then thinking of the death he would die on the morrow, he said: "Tonight is the full moon, and I am glad; tomorrow will find me no heartache, no sorrow. I will gladly go to the stake for there I will find the end of all my sorrows; there I can still my breaking heart in the flame of the Indians' fire."

That night Lawana watched by her father's blanket, easing his burning head, for the old chief had come to die. The medicine man had said there was no hope, and he had left the chief to his daughter. No sooner had the medicine man reached the door than the old man waked from his stupor and said: "My child, you have not been as joyous these last few days as you were before. What is it, little one, that has made you unhappy?"

Bursting into tears, she answered: "It is because I love the 'pale-face' chief who must die on the morrow."

The old chief laid his hand on his daughter's head and said: "Little one, I said that such would be: that some day a brave would come who would win your heart from me; and I am glad that the 'Great Spirit' has heard my prayer 'that when another stole your heart I might be in the happy hunting ground.' I would that I might save him for you, but you told me too late, for the 'Black Spirit's' wing is on me. Go to your lover now, for I need you not—I am going to seek your mother!"

Lawana bent over her father, but the old chief was dead. She covered him with his blankets and went out into the night. Slowly she walked over to a giant oak, whose branches reached out over the waters and leaning against it she stood watching the reflected stars on the bosom of the river. The great calm that was over the world but filled her with determination; she had done her duty to her father and now she would do her duty to her lover, to herself; she would save him and the time

to do so had come for all the village were gathered around her father's wigwam chanting the Yazoo's song of death.

She stole back into the wigwam and took the Spaniard's guns, his sword and his knife that were taken from him when he first landed in the village. Then she started for his prison. No sound she made as over the grass she sped, nor did she stay her pace till she neared the guard. Then crouching on the ground she stole closer to the unsuspecting brave and not till very near him was her progress marked by sound. Happening to step on an unseen twig, it broke with a slight noise; the brave turned instantly and raised his tomahawk to kill the maiden, for he was ordered to allow no one to approach, but she threw herself upon him. The tomahawk descended but not to harm the girl for the dagger given her by her Spanish lover had done its work. With a slight cry the Indian fell at her feet.

De Baltez, sitting in his wigwam door, his head resting in his hand and looking toward the newly risen moon, had not seen the maiden stealing noiselessly toward the guard. The Indian's cry as he fell caused him to look up, and seeing the princess his anger took hold of him and he cried: "Why do you come to me now? To scorn me for being such a fool as to allow a woman to lead me into a snare? I see it all now. I thought you loved me, but you only meant to hold me here so that I might die by the fire. Are you not sent by Agewa to tell me that he has won your heart and that he bade you play with me so that death would be doubly hard? But it is not enough to break my heart, and then to scorn me! Why did you strike your brave who had no thought that death was near?"

The maiden turned to him, her eyes filling with tears, and said: "Because I love you. I did not come sooner for I was needed by my father, but as soon as I had done all I could do for him I came. He will need me no longer, for now, joyous, he hunts in the 'happy hunting ground.' We will go to your country now and there forget the ways and life of the Indian world. And 'tis time to go for soon will come the day and with it your death if you stay. Many, many miles must we be from

here ere the braves wake from dreaming of the tortures with which they would cause your death!"

Hurriedly they stole from the village, going toward the place where the Spaniards were told to wait. They reached the place by daybreak but no boats were seen. The Spaniards had left word however, by cutting in the bark of one of the trees, that they had gone on to the gulf. Then they decided to go to the north and join the other followers of De Soto whom they thought were near the Mississippi, many miles to the north. Bravely they set out and by making a wide detour of the village they came again to the Sunflower. Here they stole a boat and traveled slower than before for the maiden had covered their trail so well that they had little fear of being found. Many days they traveled thus, camping along the banks of the river, one keeping guard while the other slept.

One night, as Lawana was watching while her lover slept, a band of Indians pitched their camp near to the one of the lovers. There was nothing but a hedge of cane between the two camps and the maiden could hear the braves talking, and from their conversation she learned that De Soto was far to the south of them, and that the band of Indians were sent by Agewa, the new chief, to search for her and take her back to the village; she also learned that it was known that she was on the river. No sooner had the braves gone to sleep than she waked her lover and they slipped to their boat and paddled up the stream. For an hour or more they rowed, then landing, took the trail for the hills that skirted the Yazoo valley.

In this range of hills there are two water-falls which are separated by a ridge covered with a tangled mass of cane and vines, and connecting these falls there is a cave where the bear and other hunted creatures, when tired, found rest. To this place Lawana guided her lover. Here they dwelt for many weeks in happiness. The Spaniard had given up all hope of ever reaching his own country and again drew from the fresh air new life and enjoyment. The maiden had forgotten her dreams of the Spanish court and was content to be near her lover.

The Summer passed happily for the lovers and when the Autumn came their home was quite complete. They had gathered during the summer for the winter, and feeling secure and happy they were waiting for the cold. But their happiness was to be cut short, for their old enemy, Agewa, forced to make longer trips for game found their hiding place, and came one evening with all his warriors, to kill the Spaniard and take the maid to his village to be his queen. Yet many hours of desperate fighting passed ere Agewa's hatchet found its way into De Baltez's brain; and many dead braves lay at the mouth of the cave ere the Spainard lay still in his blood. But at last all was over and they left him as they had slain him; not even his scalp they took for Lawana pleaded so that he might not be touched, that the wicked Agewa let her have her way. They carried her, broken hearted, to the village to be Agewa's queen.

But one moon was given her in which to mourn her lover, then was she to be made the consort of the chief. On the evening before he was to take her to his wigwam as his queen, he led her up the river to a large rock which hangs out over the water. At this time it was a beautiful place, the brown leaves from the trees above covered the rock, and from the limbs and branches of the trees hung long streamers of moss; while behind it the woods, clothed in brown and gold, were lighted by the sun as it sank. Here he told her of his love, but she woud not listen. She begged him to allow her to go and live where she had been happy; he would not, and at her continued pleadings he became angry and struck her. His blow roused in the humbled girl all the fury of the Indian nature and jerking from her bosom the dagger given her by her lover she buried it in his breast. With a cry of pain he fell, and lay still on the rock. She looked at the waters below and the expression of hate changed to grief and tenderness and with her eyes filled with tears, she said: "Ferdinand, I have but revenged your death, and now I am coming to you."

She threw herself over the rock and the muddy waters of the Yazoo closed over her and her sorrow. T. X. S.

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EDITORIALS.

It frequently happens that an ambitious **Originality** society orator, an aspiring Sophomore, or perhaps **In Orations.** a Senior untaught by experience, approaches another desiring a subject for an oration. Having obtained an euphonious subject upon which he thinks he can obtain reading matter—usually “The Negro Problem,” or “The South in History”—he is content. A week of promiscuous reading and marking high-sounding passages follows. Then he strings together his collection, a thing sophmoric, a patchwork as variegated as Joseph’s coat. Truly he has gathered him a posy of other men’s flowers and only the thread that binds them is his own — a lifeless posy

of wilted flowers loosely bound by the slender thread of a strained and false individuality. With familiarity he becomes disgusted with it. Uninterested himself, he cannot interest his hearers, and both welcome the noted quotation that forebodes the end.

Settling upon a subject is as choosing a life work. Others do not know your thoughts and feelings and cannot decide. Unless you can throw self into your utterance and feel what you say, dry to yourself, it cannot but be so to your audience. One of our professors tells of a senior who in some way secured a fine plea for morality in the class-room, and was himself expelled a week before commencement for cheating on examination. Such a speech from such a one would have fallen flat. Eloquence is and cannot supplant interest and feeling. No delivery, however smooth, can equal the force of a thought as it comes from the mind that gave it birth. By recitations men are not moved to do things. There had been many eloquent pleas made for America's liberty before 1775, but with none of them could Patrick Henry have roused the Virginia convention. It is the personality of the speaker that holds attention and gives effect. We might say tomorrow we will have war with England and no one would be interested or disturbed. But let the President make the statement and the whole world would be in tumult. It is so in the material world; it is so in the spiritual world. Confucius' morals are as pure as Christ's. But some urge they have not the personality of these men. Then do not make their statements as your own. By plagiarism and imitation your individuality cannot be strengthened. Our thoughts are now weaker than theirs; but they need not always be. The younger Pitt copied and recopied Thucydides, but when he rose in Parliament it was not to give the thoughts and style of Thucydides, but his own. By communion we may grow like our ideal, but not till his thoughts are no longer his but ours. No man ever became like Christ by doing what he knew Christ would do in like conditions. As long as he has to measure his acts by this standard he has not the spirit of our Savior. No

man ever accomplished anything by saying what he knows another said. Until we discard our rules and maxims and forget ever having learned a thing, we do not know it—it is not ours.

It is a mistaken idea, a harmful standard that students have set that an oration should be something great and grand, studded with brilliant thoughts. The greatest speeches often seem to have the least in them. Say what you think and feel and if the world counts it a failure, fail through what you are and not through what you said.

**Advantage
of the
Small College.** Since its foundation the small college has steadily maintained and accomplished the purpose for which it was established. The ideal of the American college is personal effectiveness—to develop men of strong symmetrical character and fit them for success in every relation of life. These results are best attained in a small college. By a small college we do not mean all those pretentious institutions of high-sounding name that smatter at the rudiments of education. In some states every little high school obtains a small endowment and arrays itself in the role of college. Mississippi is blessed in the absence of this curse so wide-spread in the college-ridden North. An ideal college has a collegiate department of about 100 students.

The small college develops men of strong symmetrical character. A boy, cut loose from the restraint of home and the rigid oversight of the high school, suddenly granted freedom in manner of life and choice of work, tends to abuse his liberty, and he must be restrained by close associates. Among a few the association is more ready and more close. The new student quickly comes to know every one and every one to know him. The man counts for more. He is not lost in the multitude. He is not, and cannot be swallowed up in the greatness of the college and remain unknown. He feels he is a part of everything and takes pride in his surroundings. Nor is he a mere

of the Association, and that an agreement will be entered into by which we make a small contribution each year to aid in the endowment of the Historical Department or some other worthy cause.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

M. S. PITTMAN, Editor.

What are your new resolutions for naughty five? Are they to be a better man, to make higher grades, to maintain a higher standard in college life, to help bear the banner of college honor, to suppress the wrong, defend the right, uplift the fallen, protect the weak and in every way advance the work of your college? If so, have the courage to put them into action!

1905 opens with brighter prospects and greater possibilities for Millsaps than any year of its history. With a larger and better equipped faculty, with a larger and more high-toned student-body, with more college enthusiasm and better student leaders, Millsaps is prepared to accomplish greater things in text-book work, in local college athletics, in her literary societies, in college journalism, in college oratory, and in the development of a nobler citizenship. Student, put your shoulder to the wheel!

Christmas abounded in good things for the schoolboys. Santa Claus was generous in his gifts. The delicacies prepared by mother's hand, the social gatherings of friends, the bird hunts, the sighs and kisses that were heard by but two, and the sweet family reunions made the holidays all extremely pleasant.

Since the last issue of the COLLEGIAN, quite a number of former students and alumni of Millsaps have been on the campus to the delight of their many friends. Among this number were: D. C. Enoch, W. F. Cook, C. R. Ridgeway, W. C. Bowman, H. B. Heidleberg, J. W. Booth, Miller Henry, Charlie Carter, J. H. Penix and others.

Prof. Bishop, of the Chair of English at the State University, and Dr. Muckenfuss, of the Chair of Science at the University

of Arkansas, both of whom formerly held chairs in this institution, visited the campus while on their visits to Jackson during the holidays.

Fikes says that as soon as he finishes college, that he will want a wife and that he will be looking for one "ready maid."

Dr. Kern, of the Chair of English, spent the holidays in Nashville with his homefolks. He reports a merry Christmas.

O. W. Bradley, of the Senior class, spent the holidays in love and reports a lost heart.

The Christmas time was enjoyable spent by Prof. Olin Moore with his homefolks in Missouri.

President Murrah solemnly announced, recently, that if certain boys did not cease to attend the theatre, that the places which know them now will shortly know them no more forever. Shows? Cut 'em out, boys!

The question was asked by some student in an Ethics recitation if Bentham did not differ very much, in his view of the standard of Happiness, from Paul. E. B. Allen immediately inquired, "Paul who?"

The students of long standing at the college were very much delighted at the beginning of the new year, by the presence, at chapel exercises, of Misses Mattie Lacy, now in college at the State University, and Janie Millsaps, of Hazlehurst, both former "co-eds" at Millsaps.

We are glad to note the great increase in the student-body since Christmas. It is, perhaps, the largest increase the student body has ever had at this season of the year. Among the new students are: C. W. Bailey, W. L. Walker, V. W. Barrier, J. F. Aycock, W. W. Travis, N. R. Allen, J. S. McClinton, W. J. Jordan, Woodward Leech, Hunt Leggett, Oliver Donnell, Gid Vardaman, S. W. Murphy, J. A. McCormack, J. D. McGovern, D. C. Harper, W. P. Harper, S. T. Lyles, L. B. Robinson,

John Whitaker, N. D. Kittrell, Clarence Pollard, Howard Thompson, W. B. Smith and W. R. Garrett.

"The Bank of College Brass" is a strong institution recently established at Millsaps with a capital stock of \$1,000,000; \$500,000 Surplus. The charter was recently approved by President Murrah. **Officers:** D.T. Ruff, President; E. B. Sharp, Vice-President; T. B. Blunt, Cashier; J. L. Wise, Teller. **Directors:** E. C. Black, R. M. Brown, P. C. White, O. H. Green, J. M. Hard, E. Q. Head, A. C. House, J. N. Hall, R. M. Garrett, A. Q. Oats, B. T. Wheat, F. B. Mayes. The bank is sure to succeed and earnestly solicits your patronage.

It is reported that a colony is being formed and that soon it will emigrate from the college world to that far-away and barbarous land of Prepdom. It is stated that the College Professors are tired of examinations "without representation" and have determined to reduce their own taxation.

Millsaps College is putting herself on record this year with the other great colleges of the nation by the publication of an Annual which shall give a complete view of college life as it is at Millsaps. The Editor-in-chief and the Business Manager were selected by the faculty and each of the literary societies elected two associate editors and one assistant business manager. This publication is to be managed by the two literary societies, the Galloway and Lamar. This first publication is sure to succeed because of the men of push and tact which compose the staff. The following gentlemen are those to whom we look for this great college organ: A. P. Hand, Editor-in-chief; J. B. Ricketts, Business Manager; L. F. Barrier, L. E. Price, E. B. Allen, J. N. Hall, Associate Editors; H. L. Sumerall, J. L. Neill, Assistant Business Managers. The name of the annual is Bobashela, the Choctaw word for "Howdy."

Mr. V. Y. Felder, a member of the class of '05, decided to take a wife instead of a diploma. Others would like to do likewise.

Prof. Walmsley recently stated in his lecture on Sociology

that none but the poorer element of the population of a state ever moved to another state. He probably had forgotten that he was from Virginia.

It seems that the fraternity goats have been laboriously ridden lately. Boys, did the William Goat fling you?

Mrs. Schwartz will give her recital, assisted by the Glee Club on the evening of February 3rd, in the college chapel. This will be something very fine and every student in should attend by all means, not only should he attend but he should show his lady friend in the city, who has been wasting valuable time on him for years past, how he appreciates her kindness by bringing her to the recital. Boys, are you game?

Bishop Galloway will deliver a lecture in the near future before the student body on the life of L. Q. C. Lamar. Bishop Galloway has been invited by the Lamar Society to give the student body this great treat of hearing Mississippi's greatest statesman and jurist eulogized by her prince of pulpit orators. The literary societies at Millsaps chose well when they selected the two great men as the men after whom they would pattern and whose virtues they would emulate.

"Prep" Wasson says that his board costs him \$6.20 per month. \$6.00 of this amount is invested in food and 20 cents for Liver Regulator.

The literary societies are doing splendid work this term. They have recently decided to have inter-collegiate debates hereafter and committees have been appointed to arrange as soon as possible for a series of inter-collegiate debates. This is a splendid idea and will be productive of much good. Millsaps has made a great record in oratorical contests because of her splendid orations and we feel sure that she could do the same in debates. Let the societies start this new scheme by electing the strongest men to assume this first responsibility. The officers of the societies for this term are as follows: Galloway—J. E. Carruth, President; T. E. Pegram, Vice-President; E. C. McGilvray, Treasurer; C. L. Neill, Recording Secretary;

O. Baxstrom, Corresponding Secretary. Lamar—M. S. Pittman; President; L. F. Barrier, Vice-President; A. Rogers, Secretary, R. A. Tribble, Corresponding Secretary; C. H. Kirkland, Treasurer.

All school boys are looking for a model girl, but each has a different model, strange to say.

Graham—Dr. Moore, I disagree with Mr. Young, the author of this book on astronomy, on the subject of the moon's influence upon the earth.

Dr. Moore—Yes, Mr. Graham, the scientists and common people have been differing for a long time on deep questions like that.

Rev. O. W. Bradley, the school boy pastor of Braxton charge, says that he hears a big sermon every Sunday, for he hears one of Talmage's sermons. How many other preachers do also? Fess up, Biblits!

Boys, be sure to get a piece of Jim Heidelberg's hair before he goes on the stage as leading man in the Harris Comic Opera! He will make his début in the Spring time in the city of New York, no doubt.

If it's egotism you want, call on the Juniors.

The honor system is the thing; let the faculty and students co-operate in this.

The man that keeps his mouth shut and remains silent is usually thought to be very wise, but the man who adopts that method in the class room when he is asked a question is thought to be a very great fool. The right thing at the right time is what counts.

The Junior class had a meeting recently for the purpose of investigating the real status of college life in regard to honesty on examinations. They found upon discussion that a great deal of dishonesty has been practiced on examinations heretofore. Therefore, in order to place college honor on a higher

plane than heretofore, they prepared resolutions condemning any form of dishonesty or cheating on examinations, declaring any person, who would be guilty of such, to be guilty of perjury and theft; furthermore, each and every member of the class promises and affirms that if he sees any form of dishonesty on examinations that he will report the person guilty of the same to the faculty, expel him from the class, and petition the faculty that he be expelled from college. All praise to the Juniors! This is the way to get at this great college evil. All unfairness cannot be prevented by the professors, it matters not how careful or vigilant they may be, but when the student body takes this matter in hand, it insures honesty, for no man, if he is a man, will go against the sentiment of his fellow-student and this takes the burden off of the teacher and makes a pass and a diploma worth something. Let other classes follow the example of the Junior and college life will be purified and college boys will be men.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. E. CARRUTH, JR., Editor.

The last issue of the Mississippi College Magazine is better than usual. The departments are almost complete, and the editors are alive to their work. "Bunny" is a fairly good story, that might have been improved by being better written, as the plot, though simple, is sufficient for a complete story. Far above the ordinary is the essay on "Solitude," and by its study one plainly sees the importance of such hours, as the writer so forcibly presents it. The best attempt at verse it contains is "Going Back to the Farm." In connection with this we looked for acknowledgements to a better known poet, as there was such a likeness in form, wording, and thought.

Here's to him, winner!
Here's to her, won!
But think of me, loser,
Poor Son-of-a-gun!—Ex.

One of the most attractive journals that comes to us is the Emory Phoenix, from Oxford, Georgia, and especially is this so of the Christmas number. This is one of the few magazines that seems to represent nearly completely the different phases of college life. This is heightened by the strong and active character of the editors as they press the claims of their distinctive features of the work.

The Phoenix is full of excellent stories that rise easily above the mediocre, and contains the best story seen in our exchange, "Genette." The plot and style of this story is especially good, and the writer also manages to give a distinct personality to the characters, as far as the limit of the story will allow. "The Two Extremes" is a creditable piece of verse. Its writer is quite successful in presenting the perfect analogy between the tiny brooklet and the sturdy oak, and the two extremes in man, and in the truth that he would present. But with all its pleasantness for reading, this paper lacks the decided and important weight and force that might have been given it by an essay, such as is found in some of our exchanges that are less complete as a whole.

A kiss is the meeting of two souls, but when a third sole—
on the foot of the girl's father—mixes in, it is more of a collision.

—Ex.

Another of our most attractive journals is the Whitworth Clonian, ranking among the best, for cover, form, and arrangement. While appearance is not all by any means, yet it counts for much and cannot be neglected. The Clonian is not attempted on a large scale, but usually contains about two stories and essays, and a piece or two of verse, besides the material from the various reporters. The December issue, however, is considerably inferior to the former ones. The only story, "Aunt Mandy 'Seed the Difference'" in a fairly true way depicts the old negro's style of expression, reveals the great difference between the old and new Christmas, as felt by all

who knew both, and especially by the old time negroes. And it also shows the characteristic delight by them in telling this difference. The essays, while they are good and well written, are too limited to treat as they should the subjects.

The Olive and Blue comes to us weekly, showing that the students are so full of zeal for every interest of their school, that one immediately learns to admire it as their true representative.

For solid matter, The Review and Bulletin, from Greensboro, Ala., is our best exchange for the month. The articles, "Compulsion or Inspiration" and "America means Opportunity," especially the first, show splendid strength of thought, and precision in choosing words and presenting his work. We mention "America's Altruism" and "Education Visionary and Real" also as creditable productions; but the only story it contains is hardly above the average. The two poems, however, add to, rather than detract from the worth of the magazine.

"Have you seen the new dance called automobile?"
"No, sort of breakdown, I suppose."—Ex.

It is a pity that when people reach the age of discretion they do not stay there.—Ex.

A K. U. girl has the following classic lines attached to a broom she anticipated giving as a wedding present:

"This small gift accept from me,

Its use I recommend;

In sunshine use the brushy part,

In storm the other end."

—The Transylvania.

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter:
There's never a wind in all the sky

But makes some bird wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
 Some silver radiance tender,
And never a rosy cloud but helps
 To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
 His dawn-light gladness voicing.
God gives us all some small, sweet way
 To set the world rejoicing.—Ex.

The Three Waves from the Sea.

I.

The fisher's child played in the white sea sand,
 And he cried to the shining sail far from the land;
And the wavelets danced 'neath the sun's bright gleam;
 For the land was bright and the sea was fair,
And the child knew nothing of sorrow or care,
 And its life was a playful dream.

II.

The fishermaid sang to the morning spray,
 And she laughed as she sang, for her heart was gay,
For what was her sorrow, or why should she mourn?
 For the land was bright and the sea was fair,
But her lover was out on the sea somewhere,
 And she longed for his safe return.

III.

The fisher's wife wept through the raging storm,
 And she knelt as she wept o'er a lifeless form,
And the storm fiend laughed through the hissing foam;
 For nothing but heaven is bright or fair,
And the world is full of sorrow and care,
 And heav'n is the longed-for home.

—Vox Wesleyana.

Grab Her!

G.—“Quite a clever girl, isn’t she?

M.—“Clever? Why she has brains enough for two!”

G.—“Marry her, old fellow! Marry her as quick as you can!”

If somehow you fail to see the joke
Don’t frown and call the thing a poke.
Put on a grin, try to laugh some, do,
And say it’s all just utterly “too too.”—Ex.

We will never buy your dry goods
We don’t like you any more,
You’ll be sorry when you see us
Trading at some other store.
You can’t sell us any sweaters,
Four-in-hands, and other fads,
We will never trade at your store,
If you don’t give us your “ads.”—Ex.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following magazines: Emory Phoenix, University of Mississippi Magazine, Blue Mountain College Magazine, The Whitworth Clonian, The Olive and Blue, Monroe College Magazine, The College Reflector, The Observer, The Hillman Lesbidelian, Mississippi College Magazine, The Emory and Henry Era, The Hendrix College Mirror, The Journal, Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Mansfield Collegian, The Columbia Collegian, The Deaf Mute Voice, The Oracle, The Spectator, Review and Bulletin, and Vox Wesleyana.

The Millsaps Collegian.

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A PIONEER STORY.

It was a night in January, during one of those cold spells that so suddenly sweep over the southern part of Mississippi, and Uncle Robert Walton drew his chair up in the corner of his cabin, now and then shoving the pine logs closer together to make them burn brighter. Uncle Bob, as he was fondly called, was a great favorite with the boys of the settlement. He used to bring them candy, peanuts, tops, and things like that, and besides this he used to tell them stories about the sea and foreign lands. And on this night a half dozen of the youngsters had gathered around him in his cabin to hear him talk. Uncle Bob seemed to be lonely, as if he was thinking of bygone days, and one of the boys, growing impatient that Uncle Bob should be so slow, spoke up and said, "Uncle Bob, we have come for a story."

"Yes, a story, a story," they all said.

"Well," said Uncle Bob, "I was just thinking of one, but it is the saddest story ever told. Shall I tell it?"

"Yes, yes," they said.

"Well," began Uncle Bob, "many years ago a company of settlers pushed their way through the wilderness and settled here on the banks of the Pascagoula. In that company among others were my father and I, a young man named Walter Hamlin, John Hallam, and his daughter Gertrude. Hamlin soon rose in favor with the settlers and was recognized as the leader of the settlement, while Gertrude was the idol of all hearts. It soon began to be rumored that Gertrude and Hamlin were to be married, but she had always been a great friend of mine and I did not believe that she loved him.

I strove time after time to tell her of my love, but Hamlin and I had never been friends and the thought of him would choke my words.

"One Sunday while she and Hamlin were returning from church, a shower of arrows rained upon them from out a cane-brake. Gertrude fell to the ground wounded by an arrow, and Hamlin took to his heels. I saw her fall and determined to rescue her or perish in the attempt, so rushing to where she had fallen, I took her in my arms and ran off as fast as I could. Then another shower of arrows came down upon us, then shower after shower was rained upon us from out the cane-brake, then the terrible war-whoop of the Creeks broke the stillness. I finally reached the settlement and although wounded by three arrows, I got my gun and returned to fight. We fought as we had never fought before, brave men died at their posts of duty, and when the moon rose that night almost a score of the settlers and many an Indian lay motionless, gazing up into her face. During the night, the Indians recrossed the river and retreated toward the north. The next morning I found my father severely wounded on the field. I took him to the settlement where I found that Gertrude's wound was slight.

"We then proceeded to gather up the dead and to bury them in the little church-yard. It was the largest and saddest funeral the little settlement had ever witnessed. No one could keep from weeping for the brave men who had died that the settlement might live. Gertrude was there. It was a sad scene, but seated beneath a spreading rose bush I told her of my love, and she, although weeping for the brave dead, told me that my love was returned. We finished burying the dead as quickly as possible and returned to our houses, for by this time it had grown late.

"The next morning my father received a letter from a prominent lawyer in London stating that his uncle had died and left him an estate valued at fifty thousand pounds. My father's wound was very severe and it fell to my lot to go over and attend to the estate. So after waiting a few days

to allow my slight wounds to heal, I set out for London. It took me more than a month to settle up the estate. Meanwhile, I had become attached to some gay friends; but at last I had gotten everything in readiness to sail for New York. I had engaged passage on a ship bound for New York, and as I was walking down to go on board, I met one of my gay friends and told him that I was off for New York. But he told me that there was going to be a grand ball there that night and that I must stay and attend it. I told him that my ship would clear that evening and I could not stay. He told me that there was another ship that would sail in a week, and besides that it was a faster sailer and I would get to New York sooner by waiting than I would if I sailed then. Stay I did, but the other ship never sailed.

"It was a stormy time, war was declared, the ports were closed, and I had to stay there three long years more. When peace finally came, I took passage on the first ship that sailed for New York. When I went on board the ship, something seemed to say to me, 'All is lost, the ship that would have carried you safely home long ago has sailed away.' It tormented me day and night during the whole voyage and when I reached New York it troubled me more than ever. At New York I took passage on the first ship bound for New Orleans. When I reached New Orleans, I hired a carriage and started through the country for the settlement on the Pascagoula. We drove all night, all day, and all the next night and reached the church-yard just at sunrise. The same feeling came over me more strongly than ever, 'All is lost.' I told the driver to drive by the church yard. I went to the rose bush where we were engaged and its twigs and leaves were all drooping as if they were weeping and saying 'All is lost.' I glanced down at the ground beneath the bush and there I saw a little mound of earth, and looking more closely I saw a white marble slab with 'Gertrude Hallam' written upon it.

"We drove on to the settlement and there I learned that Gertrude had been very sick with brain fever. A report had reached the settlement that I had been killed in battle; the

shock was more than she could stand and her soul fled to the great beyond. I went to sea, visited foreign lands, and traveled far and wide, but nowhere could I be content. At last, growing weary of this, I returned to the settlement here on the Pasca-goula in order that I might be near where Gertrude sleeps."

By this time the pine logs had burned up and the last ray of light faded away as the story was done and the boys all left.

Now there are two little mounds of earth beneath the drooping rose bush.

O. BACKSTROM, '07.

College Meditations.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO I CORINTHIANS, 13.)

1. Though I speak with the tongues of Sophomores and Seniors, and have not brass, I am become a green Prep, or a verdant Freshman.

2. And though I have the gift of a Junior, and understand all maidens, and young rich widows; and though I have much love so that I could write volumes of rhyme, and have not brass, I am nothing.

3. And though I can translate all ancient languages, and though I can solve all mathematical problems, and have not brass, it profiteth me nothing.

4. Brass lasteth long and is beneficial; brass keepeth not quiet; brass vaunteth itself, is ever evident,

5. Doth behave itself most proudly, seeketh her own, is not easily overcome, thinketh no defeat;

6. Rejoiceth not in humility, but delighteth in display;

7. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8. Brass never faileth: but whether there be high grades, they shall fail; whether there be great speeches, they shall cease; whether there be college honors, they shall vanish away and be forgotten.

9. For now we work in part, and we play in part,

10. But when the time of all work is come, then the time of play shall be done away with.

11. When I was a Prep, I spake as a Prep, I understood as a Prep, I thought as a Prep: but when I became a Senior I put away prepish ways.

12. For now I look at life with one eye; but after commencement I shall stare it square in the face: now I live on grits and beef-steak, but then I shall live on my kinfolks.

13. And now abideth promissory notes, hope, and brass, these three; but the greatest of these is brass. P. S. M.

THE ADVENTURES OF LING CHUNG.

"Well, Ling, I have selected a wife for you," said old Mr. Chung to his little boy of ten. "Twas very little Ling cared about his future wife, as his mind was on other things, and he therefore made his father no reply. Ling, having been aroused by the Chino-Japanese war that had just closed, was filled with an enthusiastic desire to travel, and so he decided to run away from the little dirty hovel in Shanghai. The idle boys of the city were usually found at the port, and especially when a steamer was due. There it was that they could see the boats unloaded of cotton, opium, and fruits, and loaded with rice, tea, and silk for Europe and America; there they could also see strange people from all parts of the world and great numbers of their own soldiers coming home from the war. They would watch the steamboats as they disappeared in the distance, wishing that they were on board bound for another country. This eagerness at last ended in action on the part of one of the boys; for one pleasant evening Ling Chung, without even bidding adieu his aged mother and father whom he looked upon that afternoon probably for the last time in his life, boarded the Eastern Star, bound for Yokohoma. This was a sad day to his parents; he was the only boy and the idol of the family. Great rejoicing was had when he was born, great lamentation when they thought he was lost and could not be found in the city.

The captain of the steamboat would have sent him back to

Shanghai if there had been a convenient way, but as there was none, he was allowed to stay on board. When they reached Yokohoma, Ling disembarked, and making his way through the crowd at the wharf, went up into the city. There were strange sights of every description open to his view. It seemed to him that everything was different from what it was at home; the streets were wider, the people were busier; but what surprised him most was the custom of girls being allowed on the streets, a habit that was not tolerated in Shanghai. His attention was so occupied through the day that he never once thought of home, but when the sun sank behind the jagged mountains, casting its rays over the beautiful blue sea, he for the first time had serious thoughts about the little dirty hovel back in Shanghai. He made his way to the suburbs of the city, and coming to a graveyard, had fallen down upon one of the mounds and begun to cry, when he was heard by a missionary lady who was passing nearby. She spoke to him, for she knew the Chinese language as well as the Japanese, and asked him to go home with her. As they were the first Chinese words he had heard spoken during the whole day, he readily responded to her kind and hospitable request.

The next morning one new student was added to the roll of the school the lady was teaching. All eyes were turned toward Ling Chung, who studied at the top of his voice, and persisted in turning his back to the teacher when he recited. This caused the school children to laugh at him; but their laughter was turned into praise sometime after that, when he pulled a large boy off a smaller one whom the larger one was beating most unmercifully, and offered to fight him if he touched the little fellow again. The little Jap was very grateful to Ling Chung, and told his sisters and brothers about the occurrence, but no one paid much attention to him except his friend's little sister, that accompanied him to school every morning, and who, to show her appreciation of the kind deed, sent Ling a present the next morning. From this time on Ling Chung and Sing Zu became more and more intimate,

and although the boys and girls were not allowed to play together at recess, yet they cast glances at one another, wrote notes, and did every thing possible to show their affection. As months passed, their love for one another grew stronger; for years they were sweethearts, and up to the time of their graduation from the missionary school they remained much more than true friends.

About this time the Government sent Ling Chung to the military school at Tokio, and before leaving, he and Sing Zu promised to correspond. Ling wrote to her soon after his arrival at Tokio, but never received an answer. In the meantime, the dreadful disease of cholera had spread over the city of Yokohoma, causing the deaths of hundreds of people, and among them were the mother, father, and younger brother of Sing Zu. She was in great trouble; her parents and younger brother were dead, her older brothers had decided to be sailors, and had left home; and she herself had not heard from Ling Chung whom she thought was the only true friend she had. Thinking that probably he had written to her while the city was quarantined, she wrote to him, but not receiving an answer immediately, she gave up the idea of marrying, decided to be a professional nurse, and soon after left for Osaka.

Four years had passed since Ling's departure from Yokohoma. Sing Zu's letter to him had been in some manner delayed, and though he had both answered the letter and personally sought for his sweetheart, as yet his search had been of no avail. Having graduated from the military academy, he went to the front with his Japanese friends, as Japan had now declared war against Russia. Through ice and snow they waded over Korea and Manchuria, sometimes being defeated, but more often gaining sweeping victories over their foe.

Ling Chung distinguished himself in many battles, and at the siege of Lio Yang was promoted to Lieutenant. After the fall of this place, his regiment was sent to Port Arthur, where they remained for months, besieging the fortified city. On Christmas day after a desperate effort, one of the Russian

forts was carried by the Japanese, not however without the loss of a whole Japanese regiment. The captain of Company A having been killed, Ling Chung took command, only to be crushed soon afterwards by a shell that exploded near him. The surgeon soon ministered to the wounded, and found that the most critical case was that of the young Chinese Lieutenant; for both his body and his face were badly bruised and much disfigured. When the surgeon had dressed his wounds, his face was so entirely covered with bandages that he could not be recognized by any acquaintance. This young Lieutenant was placed in ward No. 1 of the military hospital at Osaka, and was given for a nurse a young Japanese girl who had been there for some time. She gave him every attention necessary. He became conscious on the morning of the first day of January, and having informed him of his whereabouts, the nurse proceeded to remove the bandages from his face.

Just then a newsboy passed by the hospital crying at the top of his voice, "Port Arthur has fallen!" Upon hearing this, Ling attempted to leap from the bed, but finding himself unable, and being satisfied with the results of the war, he became resigned to death. As the nurse proceeded to dress his wounds, she for the first time recognized him and called him by his name, while he, having almost arrived at the point of death, could but answer with a smile of recognition, and as he breathed his last, Sing Zu fell down by the bedside and wept.

BEN TINDALL.

JIMMIE'S TEST.

Several years ago, those few men who chanced to notice the exceedingly dirty and grimy newsboy of whom they purchased their morning paper, were impressed by the honesty and sincerity that beamed out from under that outer coat of dirt covering his face. The name of this newsboy was Jimmie—merely Jimmie, though his fellows had suffixed to this the appropriate title of "The Wind," in consideration of

the quickness with which he disposed of his papers, and the general energy that characterized all his work.

Born of obscure parentage in New Orleans, at a very tender age—so far back, in fact, that he remembered nothing before it—he had been thrown upon the cold world, and had been forced to shift for himself. Despite the fact that this had deprived him of all educational advantages, yet, during the seventeen years of his turbulent life, the austere world had not been utterly negligent in developing its young pupil, and had taught him many things, some of which were even more valuable than any that could have been acquired in the school room. One of the greatest of these early lessons was that of self-reliance. Constant competition, and struggle for his very existence, had made him stern, sober-minded, and very grave.

The principal amusement of Jimmie, and practically his only one, was swimming in the Mississippi River; and sometimes in Lake Ponchartrain. As in the selling of newspapers, there was sharp rivalry in this, so Jimmie became very dexterous in the art of swimming, even so skillful that he was commonly given the honor of being the most expert swimmer of all the newsboys. Often, too, Jimmie could be seen at the wharf, intently watching the great steamers as they were arriving at the city and departing thence. Naturally, this interest manifested in ships betokened some phase of his character. Indeed his whole dreams of the future centered in these great transporters of commerce. Ever since childhood he had desired to be on the river, and this desire seemed to increase with his years.

But in our hasty glance at the character of Jimmie we are apt to inadvertently place him in that class of ragamuffins that infest the streets of our large cities and are to be found in our juvenile courts. If any of my readers have taken up this mistaken idea, they had best immediately dispel it from their minds, for Jimmie's character deserves a more just criticism from them.

As I have before said, Jimmie had little chance for educa-

tion; yet, in some miraculous way he had not only learned his alphabet, but had acquired considerable knowledge in both English and Mathematics. During his younger days he had pondered much over the mysterious letters on his newspapers, and with great energy had determined to solve these wonders; thus he had learned to read. The explanation of the manner in which he had learned to figure offers a more complex problem. The beginning is probably found in the necessity for some knowledge of arithmetic that he incurred when settling for his newspapers. Add to this desire to read and necessity to figure the unusual brightness of his mind, and it is easy to understand how at the age of seventeen he possessed so unusual an amount of practical knowledge.

It was with beaming eyes, as if the realization of his long dream to be on the river had already taken place, that one morning he sees in the "want" columns of one of the papers an advertisement for an assistant mail clerk on the steamer "Helena."

A few minutes later he was standing at the entrance to the private office of the steamship company's President, the third in a long list of applicants. After much waiting, he at last stood face to face with the President, with no recommendations whatever for the position. But the directness of his appeal, the forcefulness of his speech, no less than that same earnest look which had attracted whoever chanced to notice him when buying a paper, soon settled the fact that he was to be the assistant mail clerk on the steamer "Helena."

It is six months later when we again take up the story of Jimmie. During those six months he had not only been transacting the business of assistant mail clerk between New Orleans and Natchez, but at the same time by much reading had been familiarizing himself with the general postal business of the United States. He did not know that an important postal position in Washington was at that time vacant, and that the Postmaster General of the United States had communicated to the postmaster of New Orleans as to whether the latter knew any unusually apt young man to fill the place,

and that he himself had been recommended. Neither did he know that the mail clerk had ordered the porter to apparently by accident drop into the river the mail-bag, at this little landing in the woods that they were now making.

"Tell the porter to be very careful with this bag," the mail clerk instructed Jimmie as the latter picked up the mail-pouch preparatory to taking it to the porter, "for it is of unusual importance."

Jimmie had communicated to the porter this order and was standing on the lower deck of this boat, watching her make the landing. It was a warm night in June. From the heavens myriads of stars besprinkled the waters of the placid Mississippi; and the moon, just now sticking her head above the thick foliage on the banks of the river, made the water in her path appear as if studded with millions of diamonds. The frogs in the woods, too, by their discordant cries, furnished harsh music, well suited to the wild surroundings. Another few minutes, and the shipping clerk, with his book and pencil in hand, and the porter, carrying that mail-bag, which was to play so important a part in the after life of Jimmie, were rapidly crossing the gang-plank. But ah! that bag was never to reach the shore! When the porter was about midway of the plank, the bag was seen to slip from his hands, and to fall into the dark waters below, where it was rapidly borne down stream by the current.

Jimmie could hardly believe his eyes. After such special orders, why should the porter be so careless? But it was done: there was no time to search for a cause. A remedy must now be sought. With blank countenances, all that had seen the incident looked at the little black object on the water's surface, that was every moment becoming less visible. No one seemed to exert himself in the least toward saving the bag, thought Jimmie; why should he, a mere boy, be held responsible for its safety? Then that fearful word, "Important," rang in his ears. Probably he was the only one that knew the bag was so important. It was this thought probably more than anything else that caused him to so quickly take off his shoes

and coat, and swim towards that little object now so far in the distance.

Quickly his skillful strokes bore him down stream, but equally rapid the mail-bag appeared to be carried by the current. He was mistaken in this, however, for in a few minutes he had reached the bag, and had turned around to return to the boat. But the big steamer that he had so lately left was now a long way off. Already slightly fatigued, with broad expanses of water on all sides, for the first time he felt his own weakness. But the brave heart of Jimmie was not to be daunted by these obstacles. With manful courage he set out on the return trip, holding with his left arm the mail-bag, with his right swimming.

Stroke by stroke he came nearer the boat, but each stroke was also making him more exhausted. He had proceeded about half way, and was so tired that it was as much as he could do to keep his body above the water, when the dark outline of one of the boat's skiffs was seen bearing down upon him. Another minute and a hand had reached out and seized him by his wet shirt. This was all he knew.

An hour later, when through his dimmed eyes he first took any notice of his surroundings, Jimmie found himself in a small state-room, which a second look sufficed to show was his own private one on the steamer. The mail clerk sat by him on the bed. "Take this," said the latter, as he handed to Jimmie an official-looking document, "and my congratulations along with it. You have stood the test."

KING H. PULLEN, '08.

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EDITORIALS.

The relation of public schools to colleges is fundamental. The primary school is the base upon which all higher training is founded. Its end should be the college's beginning. Where it fails in this a gap is left that must be filled by some intermediate institution. In towns the high schools accomplish this function. But ninety per cent. of our people live in rural districts and have not access to this advantage. Because our free schools fail by two years in preparing pupils for admission to a first-class literary college, the majority of our population are prohibited from entrance to college and acquisition of any

higher education. Because of this most colleges are forced to maintain a large preparatory department. This is not only a menace to the college but is most inadequate and ill accomplishes its purpose. Less than ten per cent. of the men in college have come up through the preparatory department. This means that over ninety per cent. of college men come from high schools. Only one-eighth of the educable children of the state live in separate school districts and can attend high schools. This one-eighth sends nine men while the seven-eighths in the free schools send only one.

What causes such a difference? The training the children get in our free schools is not such as will inspire a desire for more education. Few children naturally love study. They have to be educated to the point of liking [text-books]. Their first experience in education is not such as would induce them to make sacrifices to obtain more. The teachers are paid on an average \$186 a year. The crude field-hand gets as much; the day laborer twice the amount. The inevitable consequence is teaching is only a stepping stone to something desirable, or a residuum for all failures. With a hope of \$186 a year, who of merit could be induced to choose it as a life work or spend thousands in adequate preparation? If a teacher does get more than a free school education and prepares himself to teach, he gets a better salary, leaves the free school, and nine-tenths of our educable children are still in the hands of make-shifts. In most cases the school house is a disgrace to the community, dingy, ugly hovels, looking more like a forsaken negro cabin than where we expect to be sown the germs of a future life, a life that shall beautify and ennoble the world. Are we surprised that the pupils become disgusted with school and education? Yet in the midst of such revolting circumstances we expect them to acquire a love for learning and form a determination to go to college.

The training they get is not such as would fit them for higher education were they to desire it. We spoke of the lack of competent and deserving teachers. No requirement is made

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

M. S. PITTMAN, Editor.

There can be but two conclusions to draw about this weather. One is that the weather man has lost his conscience, the other is that he is letting his ten year old son experiment with his business.

A Senior, after sweating over a math lesson and a review for a Geology "exam," wrapped his robe around him and lay down to pleasant dreams; but the weather changed before morning and when he waked he was a petrified man, a pure icicle.

The faculty and students were given a rare treat on the evening of 3rd inst., in the form of a lecture by our Bishop Galloway. The lecture was given for the first time and under the auspices of the Lamar Literary Society, since the subject of the lecture was L. Q. C. Lamar. This is perhaps the Bishop's masterpiece of the kind. Though the weather was bad and the audience medium from that cause, the lecture was a great success. The Bishop was full of his subject and every listener was anxious to hear. When the lecture was over the Lamar Society extended to Bishop Galloway a unanimous vote of thanks.

On the evening of February 4th, Alpha Mu chapter of the Kappa Alpha fraternity gave an alumni reception to the urban members of the order. A number of interesting speeches were made, both by members of the alumni and by active members of the chapter. After the speaking was over, the "fraters" retired to the parlors where fruit, nuts, punch and cigars were found in abundance. The occasion was entirely informal, fraternity reminiscences were recounted, and the event was one of much pleasure for all present and was an epoch of much importance in the history of the chapter. As a souvenir of the occasion the chapter gave a neat and tastefully arranged calendar, made of the fraternity colors, with the name

of the chapter, the date of the reception, the name of the order, and badge and coat of arms stamped upon it.

Bro. Hall says he knows why the weather has been so cold recently. He says it is because the wind is coming from the direction of his girl's house, and that everything up that way is like an iceberg.

Sam Osborne was recently heard to say while asleep: "Frances, there are too many boys up here in Jackson for me to leave you here, won't you go to Norfield with me?" Psychology teaches, I believe, that as a man thinks while awake, so will he in his sleep. Is that true, Sam?

At the last business meeting of the Y. M. C. A., the officers for the next college year were elected. The Association has made a marvelous gains during the last year. During the present session more than \$200 has been paid into its treasury; ninety men are taking Bible study; ninety-two are enrolled in mission study, and a number of other improvements have been made. The Acsoioation has succeeded under its present administration as never before and it is believed that this is but an earnest of what is to be accomplished by the next. The newly elected officers are: C. L. Neill, President; J. A. McKee, Vice-President; O. Backstrom, Secretary; C. H. Kirkland, Treasurer.

The literary societies recently elected their officers for the third term. The following gentlemen were elected: of the Lamar—L. F. Barrier, President; C. H. Kirkland, Vice-President; J. L. Carlton, Secretary; W. F. Murrah, Treasurer; S. I. Osborn, Corresponding Secretary; C. W. Bailey, Chaplain; Ben Tendall, Censor; J. B. Ricketts, Critic. Of the Galloway—S. M. Graham, President; J. L. Neill, Vice-President; E. D. Lewis, Recording Secretary; J. M. Hand, Assistant Secretary; O. B. Eaton, Corresponding Secretary; C. R. Nolen, Treasurer.

Miss Mary Moore was the charming hostess of a St. Valentine Party on the evening of the fourteenth. Miss Moore's

guests on that occasion were Misses Bertha Ricketts, Bessie Huddleston and Susie Ridgeway; Messrs. Bradford, Eaton, Ricketts and Pittman.

Rev. Mr. Bachman conducted chapel exercises for us one morning recently. Mr. Bachman is from Paducah, Ky., and is in our state in the interest of inter-denominational Sunday School Conventions.

M. S. Pittman was recently chosen by the faculty to represent Millsaps in the Intercollegiate Oratorical contest.

Prof. Olin Moore, of the chair of Modern Languages, after a visit of some weeks to his home in Missouri, has returned to us much restored in health.

What would you think is to be the profession to be followed by these young men, when judged by the investments that they are now trying to make?

Purcell is trying to purchase a small Lott in Jackson.

E. B. Allen is trying to secure a large quantity of Psalms.

J. N. Hall is trying to trade for a great amount of Comforts in Kosciusko.

Mr. Graves is thinking of contracting for a Coffin.

Mr. W. S. Pettus was with us recently and gave a very fine address to the students in the Y. M. C. A. Hall in the interest of missions. This was the cause of many of the boys taking up mission study.

T. M. Bradley is now the "sport" of the campus, since he has set the new style of pressing his trousers with the wrong side out.

Cook received a telegram Friday night. The dispatch was an injunction from the Trans-Siberian Nailway Co. Nothing serious' however.

Yielding to an earnest entreaty, we will not make any mention of Fikes and his bald head in this issue.

Just as we go to press the announcement is made by the college faculty that Mr. S. M. Graham has been chosen to represent Millsaps in the oratorical contest to be held between the representatives of the first class colleges of the state during the Gulfport Chautauqua. This new contest has just been arranged for and will come off in the middle of the month of July. Millsaps will be well represented on that occasion; through Graham we predict for Millsaps a glorious success.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

S. M. GRAHAM, Editor.

We have visiting us Mr. George Lott Harroll, who took his B. S. in '99, and afterwards took his M. A. He then spent two years in Chicago University and only lacks a part of a year's correspondence of having finished his Ph. D.

Mr. Harroll has won the highest esteem of all those who know him and now occupies the chair of Mathematics and Astronomy in Epworth University. He reflects credit upon his Alma Mater, and on his present visit was received with a cordial welcome, especially by Dr. Moore, as all alumni are who always knew their Math lessons.

Mr. Harroll's return to the state was occasioned by the death of his father. The Alumni Association extends to him its deepest sympathy in his bereavement.

Mr. T. E. Mortimer, '04, was on the campus recently, having come to the city on legal business. He has offered a gold medal for excellence in the Law Department, which not only shows very great interest in the institution, but is calculated to arouse more interest in the department and result in more efficient work.

Our representation in Vanderbilt, is by the entrance of Mr. O. S. Lewis, '03, in the Theological Department.

Rev. J. M. Lewis, '04, was a very welcome visitor to Mill-saps campus recently. He was all smiles, as usual and was very proud to see the boys; but, really, we think there was another attraction in the city of long standing which was the occasion of his return.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. E. CARRUTH, JR., Editor.

One thing is noticed by exchange editors, perhaps more than any others, but also by all who are interested in college papers, is their appearance. Of the separate features of a magazine, this stands very prominently at the front. The contrast of their effect is as great as that produced by a well dressed gentleman of manly bearing and a street ruffian, lost to all sense of decency and respect. This great defect is often due to a lack of exertion on the part of the managers, who sacrifice the good appearance of the publication at entirely too dear a cost in the vain hope that they may produce a cheaper issue. A cheaper one indeed it is, and its patrons, both subscribers and advertisers, realizing it, discount its real value accordingly.

The magazine is also rendered much less presentable, by a lack of proper taste in the arrangement of matter. Some of our exchanges crowd the articles upon each other until there is barely room left for a dash between them. Others heap their masses of ponderous thought and logic so incessantly upon you, that you long for a chance for free breath. Most people admire the pearl after it has been polished and richly mounted, caring little for it in the depth; and if the gem is of less real value, by so much the more we should not detract from its worth by placing it in unattractive setting.

During an examination in Astronomy a student after

writing awhile left the room. The professor looked, and read: "Sun, moon, and stars, forgot, upward I fly."—Ex.

O, for a man who can address college students on some other theme than "Your most glorious opportunities"!—Ex.

The best matter of The Journal is its essays, and, these form the principal part of the issue. The "Hidden Meaning of History" is evidently only a fine introduction of the theme. "The Language Presentiment" is the best of the essays. In it there is claimed in a hopeful way, and with good reasoning, an established and bright place and prospect for the English language.

Whatsoever a man **seweth** that will he easily **rip**.—Ex.

"A Mathematical Definition" attributed to the MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN, was a clipping from The Observer, but through mistake was not so indicated.

The first article in the Ouchita Ripples, some lines of verse on "Then," are well worthy of reprint. The best essay it contains, on "The Statesmanship of Augustus" is both instructive and pleasingly written. "What the Smart Set Accomplished One Leap Year" is a creditable story for any college paper. In it the personages are especially suited for the roles they are to play, and the incidents and scenes conducive to the desired effect. But the simple statement about the girl, that, "She Smiles," seems rather less than would have been expected, if not demanded. The editorials are forcible, but some of the subjects chosen are more suited for our great dailies or a popular monthly, than for a college paper.

The Polytechnian has for its first article a strong oration on "Henry W. Grady." The style is not that of the too usual bombastic eulogy, but rather of an amateur master of expression

"Hamlet's Sanity" is above the ordinary for an essay that reasons well for that point of view. The arguments are clear, and the quotations well chosen. But this number of the magazine lacks entirely in stories.

Clippings.

Little grains of powder,
Little dabs of paint,
Make a girl's complexion
Look like what it ain't.—Ex.

The Flame and the Ashes.

We sat by the fire, she and I,
On a winter's night of the long ago;
In the shifting maze of the crackling blaze,
We sought the image of coming days.

Bright and wild from the dancing flame,
Castles of fame and of glory came;
And soft as the music of angels' wings,
As still as the song love's own heart sings,
Love sang her name in the flame.

: : : :

Tonight but one dying ember
Bids the gloom of my soul depart.
As I sit in my lonely chamber,
In life's bleak, grey December,
I pray but just to remember,
Though the memory breaks my heart.

—Dartmouth Magazine.

Malus puer, passing by,
Vidit apple hanging high,
Bulldog, autum, vidit lad,
Canis chaseth puer bad.

O Tempora! O Mores!

Puer runs cum might et main,
 Fugit, tamen, all in vain,
 Tandem concedit on his chin,
 Et canis bites his trademark in.

O Tempora! O Mores!

—Maryville College Monthly.

To You.

I.

Sweet love to me has brought a balm
 Unbought,—a restful, peaceful calm;
 Nor to my heart a sweeter psalm
 Could angels sing!

II.

Since love for you my soul hath bound,
 How sweet to me hath life been found;
 In toils and cares soul-stirring sounds
 Forever ring.

Nor can there be for me e'er sweeter melody.

—Emery Phoenix.

The.

BOTHWOOD.

How each day drags! The years seem never ending.
 It seems the time will never come
 When

I, step by step, fame's ladder high ascending
 Shall see my fellow-men in homage bending.
 Ah, then!

MATHOOD.

Gone are my boyhood days, how swift their fleeting!
 And now I long for that sweet time

When

The maid I love each day shall give me greeting

What need of fame when hearts as one are beating!
Sweet then!

O L D A G E.

'Tis winter now. How cold the wind is blowing!
'Twill not be long. Soon comes the time
When

This frame, the paths of men no 'onger knowing,
Shall sleep beside my love 'neath flowers growing,
What then? —Ouchita Ripples.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following magazines: Emory Phoenix, University of Mississippi Magazine, Blue Mountain College Magazine, The Whitworth Clonian, The Olive and Blue, Monroe College Magazine, The College Reflector, The Hillman Lesbidelian, Mississippi College Magazine, The Hendrix College Mirror, The Journal, Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Mansfield Collegian, The Columbia Collegian, The Deaf Mute Voice, The Oracle, The Spectator, Review and Bulletin, Andrew College Monthly, Maroon and White, and Ouchita Ripples.

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The Millsaps Collegian.

VOL. 7. JACKSON, MISS., MARCH, 1905. No. 6.

ELIXIR VITAE.

I was always possessed of an extraordinary passion for adventure. Anything to lessen the tediousness of a commonplace existence appealed to me to a degree very strange to a man content to fill out life's monotonous routine. It was this characteristic that was especially assertive tonight. The steady patter of the rain upon the roof of my boarding-house was the only sound to interrupt the oppressive silence of the deserted streets. Not a belated pedestrian could be seen making his way home in the steady downpour of rain upon the pavement below; not a single hansom could be heard rattling along the cobblestones. To my heated imagination it seemed as if the whole world were dead and I the only survivor. In desperation I snatched up a romantic novel, hoping to find something in its pages to allay the lonesomeness that was oppressing me. But the book seemed only to increase my desire for activity, for excitement. Its characters and actions were far too commonplace to interest a nature such as my own. Throwing it down, I began glancing vacantly around the room. It all seemed only to increase my sense of oppression; and in desperation I threw on my coat and hat, bursted through the door, and after bounding down a long flight of steps found myself in the cool night air.

The rain had ceased; only the dripping roofs and running gutters were left as reminders of the heavy shower that had just passed over the city. A breeze

setting in from the south had driven away the lowering clouds of awhile ago, and had replaced them with a myriad of stars that shone with a brightness that they display only on a summer night. The fresh atmosphere was especially soothing to my nerves; and, delighted at the change from the closeness of my room, I walked several blocks, meeting only two or three sleepy policemen.

I had now reached that part of the city dedicated to poverty and shame. The streets were ill-paved and worse lighted. By the glimmer of the few street lights I could see something of the miserable brick hovels on each side of me. Practically all of them had long since been given over to bats and owls, but in some few there were signs of human habitation. The broken window panes of these relics of a forgotten past cast over me a peculiar feeling of awe. I could, in my imagination, almost see through the shattered panes of glass the ghosts of a departed people come back to the scenes of their earthly existence, only to find their former abodes filled with rats and flying creatures of the night. Disgusted with these thoughts I was about to turn back, when from the dark mass of crumbling brick and stone just in front of me came two blinding flashes, accompanied by an equal number of muffled explosions. At the instant of the last flash I thought I saw through the window the spectral outline of a man standing upright with hands rung over his head as if in the last agonies of despair; and the next instant I heard the sound of some heavy substance fall with a dull thud on the floor.

Overcome by this sudden interruption of the death-like silence of the street, I stood perfectly still for some moments, hesitating what course to take. Certainly something very unusual had just taken place in that old shack which had now resumed its quietude of a moment before. And then the thought of that man—that apparition—which was it? Was it possible that a place so quiet

and peaceful now could have been the scene of such strange, fantastic phenomena a moment before?

Hesitating no longer, I sprang up the crumbling steps and tried to open the door. It was locked. I next tried two windows which were both barred, but through the third I was able to force my way into a deserted room. I was almost stifled by the fumes of burning chemicals. By the scant light of the street I was able to make my way into the hallway and through two rooms without meeting a soul or having a single sound to interrupt the awe-inspiring silence, save the noise made by innumerable bats flying hither and thither. The door of this second room was left slightly ajar, and through this opening I was prepared for the ghastly spectacle that was to meet my view in the adjoining apartment.

The burning chemicals in this room cast just enough light over the objects to make the scene one to strike awe in the heart of a man. All about the floor was the glass scattered by the recent explosion. In the center of the room was a table covered by a multitudinous array of chemical liquids spilled one into another, and dripping off on to the floor. In the corner lay a man. His thin, emaciated body told of privation and hunger. Coming closer and striking a match, I could see a face that was more like that of a ghost than of a human being. The sunken cheeks had already taken on the pallor of death. I spoke to him, but it was some moments before he turned that death-like face up to me and managed to get sufficient strength to tell me the sad story of his later life.

He had formerly been in the chemical department of the government, but becoming charmed by the idea of a life-sustaining fluid, he devoted his time to this to the neglect of his other duties, and so brought about his discharge. Unable to shake off the spell of this attractive idea, he had continued the search. When almost penniless and unable longer to support himself in respec-

table society, he had chanced to run across this deserted house and here took up his abode. Always seeing success just ahead, he had refused to seek other work. He had spent his last penny some days ago for a crust of bread, and since had been feeding his starving body with the coming plenty of a near future. Tonight he had success surely within his grasp. Summing up energy for this one last effort, he had joined together the various compounds that were to bring him fame and wealth. Only one remained to be added. In his imagination he could picture the roseate future in store for him —the bounteous table, the fame, the applause of a thankful world eager to do honor to the man among men. Alas, how different was the reality! That wealth and plenty was but the remembrance of the last crust of bread now long since gone; that fame was but the obscurity of a pauper's grave!

His story so inconherently related was now finished. The lips that had so lately opened to tell me of a disappointed life were now closed by the iron hand of the Grim Reaper. The limbs stiffened, the sunken cheeks took on the hue of death, and with a last convulsive movement he turned over on his back and fastened those glassy eyes on me in a gaze I shall never forget. All was now stillness. The flickering light cast the shadows of the room into a thousand fantastic shapes. The rays of the moon coming though the broken panes of the adjoining room threw over the objects such a paleness that my excited imagination could easily picture them as creatures of the spirit world. Unable longer to stand these death-like objects, that stillness, and the gaze of the dead man at my feet, I made my way as quietly as possible through the deserted chambers and out of a house so fittingly dedicated to poverty and death.

KING H. PULLEN, '07.

Strive on, O man, with your great brain
To reach the greatest goal—

To do still better things again
With all your princely soul.

Think on, O man, with your great mind
In all the problems broad;
For you will solve them some grand time,
Since you are led by God.

Strive on to reach the ideal state.

Where true perfection reigns—
Where heart in heart are joined the great
With honors on their names.

Strive on, O man, to live and grow
In all the broad and wise;
Leave all the narrow things below
And mount into the skies!

J. C. ROUSSEAU, '08.

THE PROPOSAL A LA MODE.

One of the most faithful tenants on the Stanford plantation was Jud Henderson, who, with his sister, lived on one of the best farms. Jud was a hard, patient worker and was about as prosperous as any of his fellow-tenants. He was very timid around women and seldom had anything to say to them when they came to see his sister on Sunday afternoons. Instead of staying in the house and talking to them, he would go for a walk through the crops or stay about the barn with the stock. After several months, his sister Martha married, and Jud was left all alone to "take care of things." There was no one to feed the chickens nor milk the cow, and he had to cook enough each morning to last through the entire day. This state of affairs continued for two or three months, but soon grew very tiresome. As a housekeeper Jud was not an unqualified success. After sitting up for a long time one night and thinking

over his situation he determined to go over and ask Liza Bartlett to share his home with him.

On the following Saturday evening he greased up his boots, put on his best clothes, got on his old horse and went over. They sat on the porch in the moonlight and talked of the weather and crops till Jud ran completely out of something to say. He then sat for a long time looking up at the moon and saying nothing. Finally a cloud came over the moon which darkened it for several minutes. Now was the time of all times for him to tell her what was in his mind. So after swallowing several times, he leaned over near her and said:

"I'm er great min' ter bite yer."

"What fer yer wanter bite me?" she asked.

"Bekase yer won't have me," answered Jud nervously.

"Bekase you ain't never axed me," she said.

"Well, now I ax yer," he said with a great effort.

"And now I has yer," she replied.

In a day or two Jud and Miss Liza went to the Justice of the Peace, who soon put a welcome end to Jud's house-keeping days.

COLLEGE YELLS..

Boom! Get a rat trap!

Bigger than a cat trap!

Boom! Get a rat trap!

Bigger than a cat trap!

Boom! Cannibal! Cannibal! sis boom bah!

Millsaps, Millsaps, rah, rah, rah!

Millsaps, rah! Millsaps, right!

We are the boys of the purple and white.

Millsaps, rah! Millsaps, right!

Millsaps College is out of sight!

Boomer-ranger! Boomer-ranger!
Rah, rickety, re!
Millsaps! Millsaps!
Hot rocks are we!

Speaking of medals, we get one
Every time we try it, just for fun.
Millsaps has won six times straight:
All other colleges had better quit the State.

University, University, she's all right;
Mississip, Mississip, 's out of sight;
A. & M., A. & M., she's all cream;—
But Millsaps, Millsaps, is leader of the team.

LUNAR INFLUENCE.

"You have kept me waiting," Helen said as she met him at the door.

"It was because I wished to be alone with you," he said. "If I had been on time we should have had all the crowd with us on the way over."

Engaged couples are usually sufficient unto themselves. He pulled lazily at the oars and they floated out over the drowsing waters. Monte Santo lay on the hill-side whence they had come, almost hidden within the foliage of the trees. Few sounds were borne to them from its streets, and these served only to vary pleasantly the monotony of the evening silence. As the boat passed farther from the shore, the mountains eastward beyond the city rose swiftly on the horizon. All about them the lake lay in level calm, dark and mysterious, except where the tremulous path of the boat reflected the beauty of the moon.

Ray looked at the calm water and then toward the sky, at the serene loveliness of the moon. Then a longing for something that he could not explain seemed to

pass over him. He dropped the oars and moved toward Helen.

"I can't steer if you don't row," she said.

"But just look at the moon," he began.

"Pshaw! The moon is dead and out of the world," she interrupted.

"Anyhow, it seems to be a live issue just now," he insisted.

"It's really only a ghost," Helen continued, "and for a ghost it is too frivolous. Somehow one associates with it all sorts of silly love makings and straw-rides and such things. Byron said he was in the moon."

"Byron was in the moon?" he asked.

"Stupid! No, he was in it, the-er-er, O the devil."

"What!"

"I mean the devil is in it. Do you understand at last? Byron said, 'The devil is in the moon for mischief.' "

"Oh, not at all," he answered. "It's not the moon, or the devil in it, either; it's something else."

"You mean it's me?"

"Yes, you," he agreed.

But Helen only laughed and said, "You think so, but you are quite mistaken, it's the moon. And somehow it makes one somewhat foolish, just enough moon-struck to be silly."

"Not me," he said.

"Oh, you! Perhaps you are not so sensitive to its influence. But any how, it's an awful big moon to-night; you'll feel it before the evening is over. Mark my words. You'll do something foolish very soon."

"Then I had better do something sensible while I can," he said, as he kissed her.

"Not so silly yet?" he asked.

"Oh, not yet," she said and smiled.

"That was quite the proper thing to do under all the circumstances."

"Including the moon?"

"Including the moon. Now if it had been another girl, under all the circumstances, including the moon—"

"Absurd!" he cried." "As if I would kiss another girl!"

"O, I think you could kiss another girl, if you tried."

"But I wouldn't."

"I should think not, indeed!" she exclaimed.

Then they sat silent until they joined the others of the party on the opposite side of the lake. There was a score of them, all young, even the chaperons.

From the beach a smooth lawn, varied by trees and shrubberies, ran back a hundred yards or more. Beneath the trees the shadows made mysterious darkness, an abundance of romantic corners in which to murmur tender vows. From the ball room floated the strains of a Strauss waltz. Ray's partner for the next dance was a pretty little brunette, all dimples and smiles, and full of joy. As they paused for a moment in the shadows, her eyes, darkly flashing, attracted him. His face was close to hers; he kissed her, only once. Then she fled from him. Suddenly he became sane and sorry; for he loved Helen, and her only, and he cared not a bit for any other girl. That act ended his pleasure for the evening, tho' the dancing continued until late in the night.

On the way back he rowed his best until their boat was far ahead of the others; and then, for his conscience would give him no peace, he turned abruptly toward Helen.

"Do you believe I love you?"

"Why, yes," she answered, much surprised, "why?"

"I wish you to remember it, to keep it in mind just now, remember, I love you--you—and nobody else!"

"Well, what of it?"

"I kissed another girl to-night."

He had meant to tell it more skillfully, but now he realized that it had been almost more than he could do to tell it at all.

There was silence. Helen sat motionless, her face turned from him. At last he could endure it no longer.

"Helen!" he cried humbly.

"Do not speak to me!" she exclaimed, and her tone was so bitter that he uttered not another word, till he said "good night," as he left her at the door.

For two days he thought the matter over. Then as Helen had steadily refused to see him when he called, he wrote her a letter, confessing the affair in full and humbly asking for forgiveness.

The next afternoon he met her at a lawn party. She smiled as he approached her, and held out her hand; he took it gladly and said: "Then you—you?"

"Yes, I what?"

"Forgive—?"

"O, that! Of course," she answered, "You see you confessed."

"I—I confessed?"

"Otherwise, I would never have forgiven you; for I saw you kiss her."

"The dev—that is—I—thought you were merciless—for a week now."

"This is the third day," she corrected him sweetly. "But you deserved all your punishment, even though you confessed."

"I understand," he said soberly.

"And so, you see, I was right," Helen declared, triumph in her voice.

"Eh? right?" he asked in astonishment.

"Yes I told you, he was in the moon; I said you'd do something silly that night, and you did."

"Yes," he agreed gladly, "he was in the moon that night. I was silly—it was the moon."

But he searched his own mind with a question: Was it the moon or the girl? And we leave our readers to decide the question.

H. S. McCLESKY, '07.

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

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Published Monthly by the Students of Millsaps College.

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W. N. DUNCAN	LITERARY EDITOR
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ISSUED THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.

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EDITORIALS.

C o l l e g e Stories. Most college publications persist in competing with our great newspapers and magazines. The country is already surfeited with the groundless opinions of mimic political prophets, and college men almost in vain seek a magazine of college men for college men. In the daily paper we read of war with Russia; in the novel, of a sentimental love affair; in text-books, a criticism of the poets; in history, the theory of government. But to find all in one we look to the average college publication.

Judging from their productions, story-writing must be very unnatural to college students. The best are about life and conditions wholly unknown to the writer. They treat of love, of knights, and of battles. The hero must be good and

brave and stoically slay at least one man. A lovely lady and a love scene also are essential. As to the filling in, it matters not how, when, or where.

Have we not in actual college life experiences rich enough to warrant the telling? Cannot we deal with conditions we know better than with those of unguided imagination? Is college life so immaterial as to refuse a groundwork for treatment? In all our colleges characters richer than Hawthorne's are awaiting to be delineated in cameos as exquisite. Around our college halls lurk legends capable of being wrought into a mosaic as beautiful as Hiawatha. They wait the crystallizing touch of the story-teller. And yet the college man, heedless of this rich mine of undeveloped resources, wastes his time in unprofitable toil and loads his magazine with the dross of foreign strands.

Some one is always pointing out to us our **College** defects and in a chronic pessimistic spirit saying **Spirit.** "things did not use to be so bad." They tell us we have no spark of college spirit, that there is no unity among the student body. The athlete and those predisposed to finding irremediable faults, attribute it to our lack of inter-collegiate athletics; a very pronounced "goat" attributes it to the fraternity, and the frat man to the "goat"; the noisy mischief-making "prep" says it is the "grinder," and vice versa. When a senior leads and lower classmen refuse to follow, they have no college spirit. When one-half of a class want to "cut" recitation, and the rest refuse, the refusers are "goody-good," afraid of consequences and totally devoid of college spirit. When the student-body of their own accord run a man away for violating a rule of the college, does that show lack of college spirit? When we all meet as one man and denounce the man who "jacks" on examination, is that a lack of unity? Such spirit is not expressed in noise, because it lies far deeper than the surface. No great show has been made because no show has been necessary. At the State

Oratorical Contest and our games in the city we have shown we are surpassed by none in college spirit.

Yet, we do lack organization of the student body. Forced to act in concert by our newly-adopted honor system, we should meet together oftener. To promote such meetings we have collected some of our college yells, which appear on a former page. We have no practice in yelling; we usually meet just before a great event to practice; we yell miserably out of time, and can hardly speak for a week afterward. We hope that every student will learn these yells and the student body will have frequent meetings to practice them. We will need them at a day not far distant.

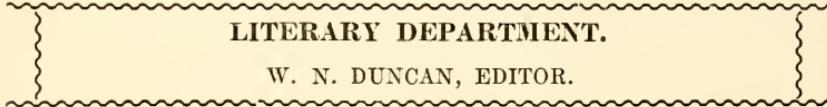
From time out of memory, so long it has become **Monday** ingrained in our very nature, we have been **Holiday**. accustomed to school holiday on Saturday. If

we ask why should our weekly holiday be on Saturday, no one can answer except that those before us have had it on that day. All respect to our time-honored customs, but past customs should not be allowed to conflict with present interests.

Every school boy is acquainted with the difficulty of Monday's lessons, and many have become inured to a chronic Monday failure. No one is disposed to study on Saturday after a hard week's work. Few college men are provident enough to prepare a lesson two whole days before recitation. If they do prepare it, all but a dim outline is forgotten by Monday. The college man, for preparing Monday lessons, has three choices: Saturday, Sunday, or not at all. Many choose that last, and what is worse, a great many more take the Sunday opportunity. We shall not go into any discussion of the right or wrong of Sunday study. Every one knows and accepts the moral and physical phrase. We shall merely say there is a great amount of it done in our college, considerably more than most people imagine. Over 50% of our students on Sunday take down their text-books with as good

a grace as their Bibles, to say nothing of those who study in occasional "tight places". And we must also say that circumstances, while not in the least excusing them, favor their action and tend to make Sunday study more common.

Students have not an innate desire to study because it is Sunday, they study for the morrow in spite of today's being the Sabbath. To many of us it is immaterial when our holiday should come. Monday recitations are inconvenient but not enough so to rouse us to vigorous action on our own behalf. Yet it is such a temptation to others, and the number of yieldings show how pressing the trial must be, we should take some action and do all in our power to remove its cause.



LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

W. N. DUNCAN, EDITOR.

The Clansman.

The events narrated in "The Clansman" happened during the Reconstruction period, that darkest hour in the history of the South. The scene of the book is the city of Washington, D. C., and the foot hills of South Carolina. Its theme is the development of the true story of the "Ku Klux Conspiracy" which overturned the Reconstruction Regime.

"The Clansman," like "The Leopards' Spots" is planned on the Race conflict. The events of the book are grouped into four distinct parts, viz.:

- (a) The Assassination.
- (b) The following Revolution.
- (c) The Reign of Terror.
- (d) The Ku Klux Klan.

Ben Cameron, a brave, young Confederate Colonel, severely wounded in battle, is placed in a hospital in Washington City. After his recovery he is to be hanged as a guerrilla. His mother and sister Margaret, on reaching his bedside with the intention of conveying him to his Southern home as soon

as possible, learn with horror of his death sentence. Elsie Stoneman, the nurse in the hospital who has tended Ben Cameron, moved by an interest that she feels in her patient and by the tears and prayers of his loved ones, goes with his mother to President Lincoln and makes a personal plea for his pardon. Elsie is the only daughter of the wealthy and influential Radical Leader of Congress, Austin Stoneman, and she is the favorite of President Lincoln. The President, touched by the strength and justice of their plea, grants Mrs. Cameron a pardon for her son. The assassination of Lincoln occurs shortly after.

In the "chase of blind passion" following the assassination of Lincoln, Austin Stoneman, Elsie's father, exerts all of his powerful influence to have the Southern States blotted from the map of the Union. This plan opposes in every point Lincoln's plan of binding together the Union. Stoneman succeeded in establishing the Reconstruction Régime.

Then comes the reign of terror in the South. Mr. Stoneman being ordered South for his health, at the insistence of his children, Elsie and Phil, settles upon Piedmont, S. C., the home of the Cameron's. The double love story of Ben Cameron and Elsie, and of Phil Stoneman and Margaret Cameron relieves the mind of the reader at times from the heart-rending scenes of these stirring times so well portrayed here. First one insult after another is inflicted on the white inhabitants of Piedmont by their former slaves who are encouraged by the carpet-baggers and, finally, a criminal assault upon a Southern girl, Marion Lenoir, by one of Dr. Cameron's quondam slaves, fans into a mighty conflagration the mouldering flame of outraged innocence and wronged womanhood.

The negro brute meets his deserved fate at the hand of the Ku Klux Klan. This Klan now takes things into their own hands. "Suddenly from the mists of the mountains appeared a white cloud the size of a man's hand. It grew until its mantle of mystery enfolded the stricken earth and sky. An invisible Empire had risen from the field of death and challenged the visible to mortal com-

bat." Austin Stoneman is not convinced of the error of his radical measures till his son, Phil, a true friend of the Cameron's and a noble young fellow, is at the point of being executed, a result of a plot aimed by his father against Ben Cameron who, as the leader in the movement against the Reconstruction Regime, had incurred the hatred of the radical unionist. The danger he has brought on his son brings the old man to his senses. Only by the skillful maneuvering of the Ku Klux Klan is the execution of Phil Stoneman prevented till his pardon arrives. The father, all broken in heart, confesses the error of his way and gives his consent to the marriage of his son and daughter to Margaret and Ben Cameron. By the Ku Klux Klan "civilization was saved and the South redeemed from shame."

As we read it is interesting to note how some of the characters in the book are developed and transformed by the experiences through which they pass. The leading characters fall into four groups: first the prominent political leaders, viz: Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant, Andrew Johnson, Austin Stoneman and Charles Sumner; second, the four characters who play the leading part in the double love story, viz: Ben Cameron, Grand Cyclops of the Ku Klux Klan, and Elsie Stoneman, Phil Stoneman and Margaret Cameron; third, those inhabitants of Piedmont most closely allied by family ties and ties of friendship to the lovers, viz: Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Lenoir and Marion, and Jake, a faithful family servant; fourth, the tools in the hands of the scheming politicians, viz: Howle, a carpet-bagger, Silas Lynch, a negro missionary, and Augustus Carson, of the Black Guard. It is fitting to pause here to note the striking contrast drawn between Lincoln, in whose expression is blended goodness, tenderness and sorrow, and Austin Stoneman with his grim, eagle look and cold, colorless eye. In an interview between these two persons Stoneman says, "The life of our party de-

mands that the negro be given the ballot and made the ruler of the South. This can be done only by the extermination of its landed aristocracy that their mothers shall not breed another race of traitors. * * Such is the political genius of the people that unless you make the negro the ruler of the people the South will reconquer the North and undo the work of the war." Lincoln says in reply, "If the South in poverty and ruin can do this we deserved to be ruled. The North is rich and powerful, the South a land of wrecks and tombs. I greet with wonder, shame and scorn such ignoble fear! The North can not be healed until the South is healed. Let the gulf be closed, in which we bury slavery, sectional animosity and all strifes and hatreds. The good sense of our people will never consent to your scheme of insane vengeance." Again as a mystic light clothes his rugged face, calm and patient as destiny, Lincoln slowly repeats, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives me to see the right, I shall strive to finish the work that we are in and to bind up the Nation's wounds."

There are some striking incidents in "The Clansman" well worth mentioning. There is an unspeakably tender pathos and strength attached to Ben Cameron's declaration of love for Elsie Stoneman. They are out in a skiff just at sunset, drifting slowly with the tide. On the morrow Ben is to return to his Southern home and Elsie is to go still further North to continue her study of music. She is fighting her love for him because of the great chasm between them—she is the daughter of Austin Stoneman, the South's bitterest enemy, and he is one of the most enthusiastic champions of the Southern cause. "Bending near her, he gently took her hand and said, 'I love you.' A sob caught her breath and she buried her face on her arm. 'I am for you and you are for me! Why beat your wings against the thing that is and must be? What else mat-

ters? With all my sins, my faults, my land is yours, a land of eternal harvest and song, old fashioned and provincial perhaps, but kind and hospitable. Around its humblest cottage song-birds live and mate and never leave. The winged ones of your own cold fields have heard their call, and the sky tonight will echo with their chatter as they hurry Southward. Elsie, my own, I too have called, come; I love you!" She lifted her face to him full of tender, spiritual charm, her eyes burning her passionate answer. He bent and kissed her. "Say it! Say it!" he whispered. "I love you" she sighed." Other incidents that appeal strongly to the emotions of the reader are the assassination of Lincoln, the assault upon Marion Lenoir followed by the awful leap of herself and mother from the precipice, the mysterious ceremony of the Ku Klux Klan in punishing the perpetrator of this awful crime, and Phil Stoneman's narrow escape from death.

The reader feels as if he himself were living through these exciting ordeals so strongly are they portrayed. It is safe to say that the effect of "The Clansman" will be to revive and strengthen the feeling of reverence for Abraham Lincoln who, had he lived, would have dealt kindly with the South; also it will help this generation to realize as never before something of the hardships endured by their parents and grandparents during the dark period of the Civil strife. Doubtless it will implant in us all more respect and love for the heroes and heroines of that period.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

M. S. PITTMAN, Editor.

In the Spring a greener green beams from out the Freshmen's faces;
In the Spring the verbose Sophomores spread themselves and spoil more places;
In the Spring the jolly Juniors with sporty clothes themselves bedeck;
In the Spring the "busted" Seniors write their pas for "just one more check."

Mr. T. M. Bradley has been selected by the faculty to represent Millsaps in the Crystal Springs Chautauqua. Mr. Bradley is perhaps the most natural and forceful speaker in the College. His ability as a debator was manifested last commencement when he won the Galloway-Lamar debators' medal. We predict for him equally as good success in the field of oratory.

The recital given by Mrs. Swartz, assisted by the Glee Club, on the evening of the 4th inst., was a splendid entertainment. It was perhaps the most enjoyable of the kind ever given at the college. It was given by Mrs. Swartz in the interest of the College library. By many capable critics Mrs. Swartz was declared to be the best elocutionist that they had ever heard. It is probable that an entertainment of similar nature will be given again later.

Mr. K. P. Faust has recently returned to school.

The work on the annual is progressing nicely, and the success of it is no longer a matter of doubt. All of the expenses of it are in sight. Editor-in-chief Hand and Manager Ricketts and their faithful assistants are to be commended for their good work. Every boy will be mad at himself if he does not get a "Bobashela."

Simmons—Young man, you should be like me, have a clear record in love affairs.

Prep—Yes, I could have a clear record too, if it was a blank one like yours.

A prize has recently been offered by the faculty to the member of the Sophomore class who shall have made the highest average grade during his Freshman and Sophomore years. The funds for this prize were contributed by a number of Sunday Schools in the N. Miss. Conference as a memorial to the late Rev. J. S. Oakley. It was gotten up by Mrs. J. R. Bingham, of Carrollton, Miss., who has done so much in the interest of the College library. This prize will be some books purchased each year with the accrued interest on the amount. This should do much to stimulate scholarship in the lower classes and certainly a large number will contest for the honor and work for the books.

Miss Bessie Buckwater, formerly of Winchester, Ky., now of Hattiesburg, Miss., is the charming guest of Mrs. Walmsley. Miss Buckwater will be with Mrs. Walmsley for some time, to the delight of the whole family, and some of the Seniors considered among the number.

Dr. Murrah—Who was the principal pre-Socratic philosopher?

Duncan—Spencer.

Central (as Hall takes the receiver down)—Number, number, number, why don't the fool call for his number?

Hall—Why-y-y-a, I-I-I-a, he didn't want any number.

A large number of the Freshman class spoke before the Faculty recently for places on the Commencement program and the following were selected: V. W. Barrier, W. F. Murrrh, J. M. Hand, C. H. Kirkland, Jeff Collins, J. D. McGovern, O. E. Donnell, J. C. Rousseaux, Sively Rhodes, C. W. Cook, T. Wilkinson, W. S. Ridgeway.

One of the school boys received a letter from a preacher alumnus and judging from the tone of his letter we would decide that he is truly in earnest about the moral condition of the people on his work, for in his letter this sentence

occurs: "I am preaching hell-fire and brimstone to them, and am trying to scare the Devil out of 'em."

An inter-collegiate debate has been arranged for between our sister college, Mississippi, and Millsaps. Millsaps will be represented in the debate by Messrs. J. W. Bradford and T. V. Simmons. These young gentlemen are both splendid speakers and will make it interesting for their competitors.

The Y. M. C. A. revival will begin on March 24th. The Rev. Mr. Dobbs, of Birmingham, will conduct the revival.

Mr. C. W. Cheek, of Montrose, Miss., was a visitor on the campus recently.

The law class this year is exceptionally good. The Law Profs praise it by saying that it is better than any other. The class recently elected its annual officers.

If you want to win a good friend, just get a Bobashela; if you want to insure a maiden fair of your true friendship, just send her your card accompanied by a Bobashela.

Willie Murrah says that he worked thirteen hours on Saturday morning before the examinations began. That must have been a long day.

Brass is alright in its place, but it won't pay board, nor buy books, nor get clothes where you're well known, nor settle for a Dip. Will the home-folks see the point and be inspired to check up?

He who does not secure a Bobashela, verily I say unto him he shall be minus one "good friend."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. E. CARRUTH, JR., Editor.

The Mississippi College Magazine is full, and contains some excellent reading. Two of the stories are above the ordinary, for while they follow the old trend for worn plots to some extent, they are fairly well written. The third, in which the person relating the incident made a "flying" trip to Saturn, is to be mentioned if only for its oddity. It furnishes a pleasing departure and relief from the common "love story" plot.

The Review department has an excellent paper on "The Newcomes". The writer seems free and familiar with his material through the whole of it. His criticism appears just and especially apt, and is so written as to be interesting, though one has not read the novel. The Athletic department prints an extract (?)—six or eight pages—from a lecture before the University of Pennsylvania that was doubtless excellent in its place, but we doubt if its place was in this Magazine. To have reprinted only two or three paragraphs from the latter part—that alone seems directly suited—would have been better for the department.

"The Study of King Lear and Cordelia" in the Baylor Literary, and "Exploration of a Cave" are the best features of the February number. The first gives a good synopsis of the play, and presents the points to be noticed in an impressive way. The story is not an equal of the essay, if they might be compared, but the plot and expression are interesting and pleasing. The other articles—stories and essays—are too short to discuss fully their subjects and do justice to the writers and readers, for they lack in some way the real strength and force that it appears might have been given them.

The Andrew College Journal contains in "Hidden Springs of Character" one of the best essays we have read

for the month. It is not too long, and the salient points are presented forcibly, but not obtrusively. "The Beggar" is a fairly good poem for college magazines; but "Molly", its only story, is a simple narrative told in ordinary good negro dialect. While the contents are rather meager, yet the issue is attractive as a whole.

The best exchange that has reached us during the month is Emory and Henry Era, in the form of a combined number for January and February. This we regret to see, for we feel that it means a sacrifice both to the student body and to their friends, to have their representative appear only bi-monthly. While the double issue is larger and better than the old form, still we do not think the increase justified the change.

Its best contributions are stories—four very creditable ones, of which we consider "A Mistaken Report" the best. The writer has an easy natural expression, and studies his characters sufficiently to keep the interest well going. Perhaps the next best is "My First Outing," but all add much to the issue. There also appears several pieces of good college verse, among which "Father Time" holds first place with us. The range of the measure of time passes from "seconds" through "years" to "eternity," and there is secured a grouping of words that to some extent represent the increased movement through the poem. Scarcely less meritorious than this one are the other pieces of verse.

The Columbia Collegian contains little that is of interest for a college paper. "The Mum Party"—all that is to be mentioned—is rather a poor attempt at verse.

At nine o'clock they sat like this
(He was not long in learning)

At ten o'clock they sat like this.
(The gas was lower burning.)

Another hour they sat like this.

Still, I'd not venture whether
At twelve o'clock they sat like this—
All crowded up together.

—Ex.

Clippings.

A poet sighed for gentle spring,
When the meadow lark would soar;
An editor who read the stuff
Sighed too and softly swore.

We grope blindly in the darkness
For the light;
Loving, laughing, singing, sobbing
Through the night;
Dreary-hearted, tear-stained, weary
With the strife
Till we stumble o'er the margin
Into life.

"Now what do you think?" asked the little boy's mother after she had given him a severe box on the ear.

"I don't think; my train of thought has been delayed by a hot box," he answered.

He—"Do you return my love?"
She—"Certainly, sir, I have not the slightest use for it."

Prof.—"Which of your parallel readings helped you most?"

Student—"My pony."

Evening Prayer.

For all Thy gracious goodness, O, my God,
Which Thou hast shown me through another day;

For all Thy tender love that stooped to guide
 My erring feet along life's rugged way;
 For all Thy kind protection, mercy crowded;
 Thy mighty arms that kept me folded in,
 A shield from danger and from foes without, and powers
 of sin;
 For all these mercies which Thou hast bestowed,
 I thank Thee Lord.

For all Thy loving kindness, great and free,
 The share of strength Thou givst me day by day;
 Thy Father's love that draws me close to Thee,
 And bids me cling to Thee, my strength and stay;
 For good and ill; for joys and sorrows too;
 For wondrous leading which I could not see,
 But which I know full well, O, faithful guide, were best
 for me;
 For all these blessings which Thou hast bestowed,
 I thank Thee, Lord.

And when in heaven I stand with the redeemed,
 And take my station 'mid the blood-washed throng,
 And hear the angel choir around Thy throne
 Give praise to Thee in everlasting song;
 And when amid the holy Trinity,
 My glorified Redeemer I shall see
 Whose precious blood on Calvary's sacred cross
 Was shed for me,
 For full redemption through the living Word,
 I'll praise Thee, Lord.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following magazines: Emory Phoenix, Blue Mountain College Magazine, The Whitworth Clonian, The Olive and Blue, The College Reflector, The Hillman Lesbidelian, Mississippi College Magazine, The Hendrix College Mirror, The Journal, Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Mansfield Collegian, The Columbia Collegian, The Deaf Mute Voice, The Oracle, The Spectator, Review and Bulletin, Andrew College Monthly, Maroon and White, Ouchita Ripples, Emory and Henry Era, The Crimson-White, The Limestone Star and the Polytechnian.

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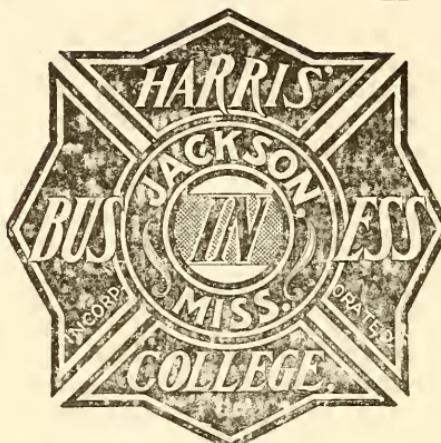
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The Millsaps Collegian.

VOL. 7. JACKSON, MISS., APRIL, 1905.

No. 7.

A D U E L.

"We must take him down somehow," Fields was saying to the group of students who had disposed themselves in various ways about his room on the third floor, "but it's not enough for one of us to reach out and stand him on his head when he is making one of his big brags. Any of us could do it, for he's as beefy as he's big, and his bravery is still an undemonstrated proposition; but we want to cure him for all time. What we need is to take him up in one of his big lies and turn it inside out on him and make him wear it that way. It's—"

"By the way, have you heard of his latest accomplishment?" interrupted "Billy" Fox. "He was telling me today what a fine shot he was—said he could manipulate any kind of firearms—musket, shot-gun, pistol, rifle, anything, in fact; why he was as much at home with a gun or pistol as he was with a knife and fork—could shoot 'em with one eye shut."

In the general laugh which followed "Billy's" account of Walter Connell's most recent boast, "Marcus Tullius" Mason, a small and not very strong-looking Sophomore who had been sitting astride the window-sill, slowly drew up the leg which had been dangling outside, and placing it by its mate, faced the company.

"Friends and fellow-citizens," he drawled, "I have an idea."

Immediately all attention was directed to the window and to "Marcus Tullius," for this insignificant-looking youngster was by no means considered insignificant by his mates. On

the contrary they regarded him as a most excellent combination of intelligence, manliness, and humor—though they would perhaps not have expressed it this way—, and he was as popular as any student in the college. In his Freshman year he had been dubbed “Marcus Tullius,” because, though he was a true pedestrian, he read his Cicero so well that one of his mates suggested that he was that writer reincarnated. His “ideas” were always original and practical, and all were eager now for the one upon the business in hand—that of correcting the views of Walter Connell, concerning himself.

“I’ll challenge him to a duel,” he announced.

And then he proceeded to give the plans and specifications of his scheme.

: : : : :

“Come in!” called Walter Connell in answer to a knock upon his door

The door opened, and “Billy” Fox and Nathan Fields entered.

“We have a communication for you, Mr. Connell, from Mr. Mason,” said Fields gravely, handing him a paper. He slyly winked at Billy as they stood waiting for the contents of the communication to “soak in.”

“Why, why,” stammered Connell, turning very white, “why, they don’t fight duels now-a-days.”

“Oh, you haven’t been here long,” answered Fields in a tone that implied that he had carried many challenges before. “Probably you haven’t had any differences to settle. But that’s the way we do here, settle ‘em by duel. I’m surprised that you haven’t heard of the custom.”

“Wha—what does he want to fight about?” asked Connell.

“He says you called him ‘sickly-looking’ the other day, and if there’s anything he’s sensitive about it’s his health.”

“Why, I—”

“See here, Connell, there’s one thing a man can’t do here, and that is take back anything he has said; it is considered next to the most cowardly thing he can do—the **most**

"cowardly is to decline a challenge to fight. It's too bad you didn't know about his sensitiveness, but you can't afford to back down now."

A happy thought came to Connell.

"Why, I can't fight that little fellow," he said, drawing himself up to his full six feet in a would-be magnanimous fashion. "Give me somebody nearer my size."

"Oh, I don't think you need have any compunctions about that," said Fields carelessly. "Mason is quite noted for his skill with the sword. Anyway he won't accept that as a reply, for he's even more sensitive about his size than about his health. Of course if you are afraid—"

"Oh, no, no!" interposed Connell hastily. "It's not that at all. I only—"

"As you're such a fine shot," said Fox, "I should advise you—though you're, of course, under no obligation to take my advice—to select pistols as weapons, for Mason is not so good with pistols as with the sword."

"As to place," said Fields, "there is not much choice for the dueling ground has been for years down in the meadow back of the college, in the part enclosed by the horse-shoe bend, which the creek makes there; and as to time it is customary to fight on the same day the challenge is given if possible. How would this afternoon at five do?"

Connell, despairing of avoiding the duel, finally wrote out his acceptance of the challenge. The time was fixed at five o'clock that afternoon; the place the Horse-shoe Bend, and the weapons pistols. Fields remarked that it was not the custom to employ seconds.

"Two is enough to risk expulsion for one row," he added.

"Why, shall I get expelled for this?" asked Connell

"Well, such a fine shot as you are is not likely to get killed, is he? I reckon now, Mason would like to know he'd live to be expelled,"

"Afraid, is he?" For the first and only time since he had received the challenge, Connell's tone took on its braggart

note. "Well, let him beware. He has pushed this thing on me."*

"So long, then," said Fields as he left. "I'll be after you about four-thirty. A sad affair, I'll see you through it."

When, at the appointed hour Fields again knocked on Connell's door, he half expected to find the room empty. But Connell had been too frightened to think of escaping by flight. His attitude when he rose to accompany his friend was one of absolute dejection. Evidently the thought that Mason was 'fraid'" had not long bouyed up his courage.

"You say Mason can't shoot?" he asked drearily, as they proceeded toward the Horse-shoe Bend.

Fields laughed. "A crack shot like you needn't shy at a duel with Mason," he said. "Oh, you're dead sure to nail him at the first pop—a man who never misses like you."

"'Twon't help me any to put daylight through him. These fellows who can't shoot are forever killing somebody by accident. Say, you think an apology wouldn't do any good?" he asked wistfully.

"Not a bit."

Then they arrived at the dueling ground, and Mason was waiting for them. A score or so of the students stood around in silence with solemn countenances. Occasionally one would covertly wink at another, but the general atmosphere was apparently that of tragedy.

Fields stepped off the twenty paces' distance and assigned Connell and Mason their places. Then he took their weapons from Fox and handed them to the duelists.

"Ready," he said. "One"—

He got not further, for Connell could stand it no longer. Throwing down his pistol he took to his heels, regardless of onlookers, and headed directly for the creek.

"Catch him, boys!" shouted Fields. "Don't let him escape. A star marksman to miss his glory this way!"

But Connell craved no glory just then—he refused even to wait for it, and was "making time", when just as he reached

the slender foot-log spanning the creek he tripped over a dew-berry vine and pitched headlong into the water.

And he appeared to be willing to stay there. The boys, though, unkindly insisted on fishing him out.

"I—I didn't want to kill him," Connell declared.

At this the boys howled and Mason was seen to be approaching, still armed.

"Don't let him kill me," Connell began to beg. "You boys didn't do fair; you gave him lots the biggest pistol."

At this they showed him the pistols. His own was not even loaded, and Mason's was—an old-fashioned candle-stick!

BESSIE HUDDLESTON, '07.

HIS WATERLOO.

Norwood Berwick was a Norwegian by descent, but a Canadian by birth. He was a trapper in the wild woods of Saskatchewan, living in a snug little cabin on the north bank of Buffalo Lake, one of those numerous little bodies of water in which that territory abounds. Six feet four, broad-shouldered, active, keen of eye and ear, reared in the midst of danger, he seemed well able to face and overcome the dangers and difficulties with which the early trapper's life was fraught.

It was one bitter-cold day in December, the wind whistled through the trees in icy gusts, the lakes were frozen over and the ground covered with hard, crusty snow, when Norwood discovered that he had nearly exhausted his supply of ammunition. To replenish his wasted stock, he would have to go to the village nearly twelve miles to the south. As he had nothing especially to do, he decided to go to the village that day. A great fire roared cheerily up the chimney, and standing before it, he bound a warm woolen scarf about his neck, drew his coon-skin cap low over his ears and then pulled on his great fur coat. He then took his rifle from the rack and loaded it, strapped on his skates, slung his pack of skins

over his shoulder and went out, latching the door behind him. He started off with the swift, easy swing of the practiced skater.

He had been skimming along for perhaps three-quarters of an hour, when, to the south nearly half a mile ahead of him, he saw a swarm of black figures, which he instantly recognized to be a pack of wolves. He could faintly hear them howling. He slackened his speed, uncertain what course to pursue—he had only a few bullets and a little powder; the wolves were between him and his destination; his home was now far behind him. He might turn back and gain the shelter of his cabin before the wolves could overtake him; or it was possible that he might outwit them and get past their line. This last he determined to attempt. He gripped his rifle tighter and started directly towards them with long quick strides. The wolves widened out and formed a sort of semi-circle; howling loudly and ferociously, they bore down upon their intended victim.

Just when they seemed most sure of their prey, Norwood suddenly wheeled to the left and went beyond the end of the line, while the wolves, unprepared for so sudden a move, rushed past, unable to check their speed and to turn so quickly. It was, however, only a few seconds before they were in hot pursuit, but Norwood had made good use of his time and was now some thirty yards in advance. It was a fearful race, for neither seemed to gain upon the other; one fleeing for his life, pursued by a pack of howling fiery-eyed demons. For awhile they raced thus, then the leader of the pack, a great, gaunt, long-legged fellow, began to creep ahead of the others. He was gaining upon Norwood! Norwood glanced back over his shoulder and what was his dismay to see the distance lessening between him and one of the beasts! He put forth his reserve strength and gained a few yards, but could not hold the pace and began to fall back. His breath was coming in short, quick gasps, and his legs began to move like parts of a mere automaton. The wolf was fast proving himself the better and swifter of the two.

Norwood could hear the wolf's labored breathing behind him. If he could only kill this one he might have some chance to escape; he would try, if he failed death could be no worse than if he did not make the effort. He half turned, ready to fire, but sank to the ground with a groan. He had wrenched his ankle severely, but nevertheless had presence of mind enough to fire upon the wolf only a few feet away. The animal turned a somersault and lay still. The pack were now catching up and in another moment he expected to be torn to pieces. But that moment never came. From somewhere in the shadows came a shot and one of the wolves gave its death-yelp, and fell dead, attacked almost instantly by the others. Norwood looked in the direction whence the report sounded and soon saw a flash followed by a loud report. The wolves began to be frightened and retreated a short distance. Another shot sent them yelping helter-skelter. Then from out the shadows of the trees stepped a young girl, rifle in hand, a smiling face looking at him from under a large fur cap. To say that Norwood was surprised would be putting it but mildly. He was astounded. That his rescuer was a woman was the last thought which would have entered his mind. For several seconds he stared at her in astonishment, then blurted out in tones of admiration, "You! Well, I'll swannee! You!"

"Well, why not?" she retorted.

His surprise quickly changed to gratitude as he thought of the death from which she had saved him. He attempted to rise but fell back with a suppressed groan. Darting quickly forward she inquired, "Are you hurt?"

"Not much—just sprained my ankle," replied Norwood, trying to smile.

"You must let me help you. Lean upon me and I'll take you home. It is not far." Norwood at first demurred, but she soon persuaded him, saying:

"It is all you can do. You cannot get there alone and I must go home now. Are you coming?"

"I guess I must," he answered.

They made slow progress towards the house. On the way they became very well acquainted. Her name was Gertrude and she lived alone with her father, who was a hunter and trapper. He explained how he happened to be in such a predicament and she told him that she had heard the wolves howling and from mere curiosity had taken her father's rifle and cap and gone out to see what they were chasing.

At the cabin her father seemed very much surprised and delighted to have Norwood as a guest; to quote his own words he "was very much sot up to have some 'un to talk to." He bathed and bandaged the sprain. They had a pleasant time together—Norwood was a good talker and willing listener. Several weeks elapsed before he was able to use his foot and they were happier days than he had thought it was possible for him to have. He found himself wishing he could lengthen his stay. But the day came when he could stay no longer. So he took leave of his new friends and, with many promises to come again, he returned to his lonely little cabin by the lake.

: : : : :

It is now six years since Norwood's exploit. The little cabin is now a three-roomed log-house. Let us enter. There in the chimney-corner sits an old, gray headed man, dancing a child upon his knee; bending down before the fire, is a sweet-faced woman, preparing the frugal supper; on a stool, looking on in perfect contentment, sits Norwood. Yes, it is he. He won the pretty little hunter-girl, and as "Father" was getting old and weak, he was soon persuaded to live with them. Theirs is a happy contented life.

LANDON CARLTON, '07.



A COLLEGE STORY.

"Why don't you play baseball?" she asked him as they strolled by a beautiful green meadow where several of the other college boys were engaged in that sport. As Jack Landon looked into those bewitching blue eyes, he scarcely knew what to answer.

"I do think it is such an ideal and manly sport," she continued, "and do like it so much." Jack could have kicked himself for not having taken any more interest than he had in baseball, because it was uppermost with him, that, in any and every particular, he should meet with the approval of Marie Ellsworth. He had played a little in practice with the boys and gave promise of making a fairly good amateur player. The manager of the college team had repeatedly urged him to try to make the team, but in vain. But now he inwardly resolved that he would practice every opportunity that he got.

"Why—er—er—I'm hardly large enough," he stammered at last, trying to make some kind of an excuse. As those enchanting patches of blue turned on him again, he really felt that he would be a little man among the Lilliputians.

"You're as large as many of them that play," she replied. As a matter of fact, Jack was about five feet, eight inches tall and weighed about one hundred and forty pounds. He was well developed, and dissipation and late hours had not branded their marks upon him. He had entered college in the Freshman class of the year before, and was a favorite with the Faculty and the student body because he was frank and honest and led his classes. He had met Miss Ellsworth at a reception given by his fraternity, and from that time they had been real good friends. Jack persuaded himself that he did not love her, for he thought he was too young for such as that. He loved to think of her only as a very agreeable young lady with whom he was accustomed to spend an enjoyable evening now and then.

Miss Ellsworth was a pretty girl with deep blue eyes, luxuriant light hair with just a golden tinge, and cheeks that blushed so delicately as to put to shame the beautiful red rose that she wore upon her breast. More than all this, the beauty of a sweet disposition and a lovely character was indelibly stamped upon her face.

In the afternoons now when school was out, Jack could be found up^c the ball-ground hard at practice. Evening

after evening he sweated and sweated. He made fine progress and easily ranked among the best players. In baseball language he had quite a great deal of speed for an amateur. He could throw a curve and began to train for the position of pitcher. He soon acquired a fine control and several games were won chiefly through him.

At last the great day came, as great days will. His college was to play against the state university. The university had a strong team and had beaten his college in a previous encounter. This game was to decide the inter-collegiate championship of the state. Both teams were about evenly matched and both were confident of victory. The college team took the field while the university went to the bat. As Jack trotted out to the pitcher's box, he searched the grandstand with his eyes. Amid the vast throng he saw *her* waving his colors and looking intensely at him.

It was the first inning and two men were out. One man was on second base and one on first. The man at the bat hit to short, who threw wild to first and one man scored. The next man at bat struck out. Jack's team now went to bat. The first man struck out. The second hit to left field for two bases. He stole third, but the next two men up were caught out on flies. Thus at the end of the first inning the score stood one to nothing in favor of the university. In the second inning the college team got down to work and neither side scored. In the third inning Jack hit for one base, stole second, and was sacrificed to third, but the next man up struck out and the next man was thrown out at first.

And thus the score remained one to nothing for the university till the ninth inning. In the first half of the ninth the university had three men on base and none out. The man at the bat hit to second who threw to home. He threw a little wild and the umpire called, "Safe all around!" Things were getting decidedly bluer for the college team. The university "rooters" were shouting themselves hoarse, but Jack remained calm and began to let himself out. The next three

men to face him struck out making twelve in all, and only five hits allowed, establishing an intercollegiate record.

It was an almost hopeless case for the college team, but they began now to "get busy." The first man up hit safe to first and the next man hit for two bases. The college "rooters" began to take heart and to yell with all their souls. The next man hit to first and was out. Then came Jack's turn. As he went to the bat he glanced quickly in the direction of the grandstand and saw Marie waving the colors and looking at him expectantly. He dared not disappoint her. He must win the game. But how? There was a slim chance indeed of a home run but he would try for it. There were three balls and two strikes on him. The pitcher threw a swift straight ball that would have gone squarely over the plate. But when half way over it met Jack's bat going in the opposite direction with all the strength that he could muster. The ball shot far out over the fence—it was a home run. Pandemonium reigned supreme in the Grand Stand. Men and women, boys and girls fell over each other in the excitement. The university boys turned and walked from their places with the sad picture upon their faces of victory turned to defeat. Jack's college-mates quickly hoisted him upon their shoulders and carried him with shouts of triumph through the town.

When the excitement and noise had died away and Jack found Marie she asked with a bewitching smile, "You feel real big, now, don't you?" And perhaps he did feel that he could hold his own with giants. LOCK, '07.

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

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EDITORIALS.

Is the
Honor System
Dead?

We can hear among the students no voluntary discussion of our honor system that so suddenly sprang into life. Some fear has been expressed that its appearance was too sudden and cosmopolitan to last; that it was founded not upon calm, deliberating reasoning and determination, but a reactionary excitement and a not-objecting spirit. In every class, except one, it passed easily, almost without discussion. Many signed the resolutions not knowing what they meant and many more cannot now tell their requirements. Though we fear many were not educated to the necessary point, we cannot but believe there were those

in each class who realized the momentous step and when the time calls for it will stand unfaltering by the resolutions.

Some of the class systems would be worse than useless if under the present conditions anyone should try to put them into execution. One contains the requirement that all classes shall act in concert; another with equal force states they will act only as a separate and distinct class. Planned and worked out separately the system as a whole is full of such incongruities. Lack of co-operation is at present our greatest drawback. Many men are irregular and, out of their own class, are not bound by any requirement. Making it to embrace the whole student body is the only way to insure permanence. A class system with the class will cease. One class pledged themselves to perfect plans to overcome this obstacle by bringing the student body into closer organization and raising the system from class to school. But as yet nothing has been done. To do this, class organization will have to be made more than a name, and committees with full judicial power be appointed by each class. It has been proven that a mass meeting is unfit for a thing. Anything that will in a serious light keep the system before the students will be of inestimable value. For an honor system must finally, if not at present, rest upon the education of the many and not the resolutions of a few. One thing is certain, if it is forgotten, it will die. It has not yet a firm hold and will not have for several years to come. Until the present students have gone and those in college been brought up been under the system and come to look upon it as the natural order of affairs, we will have to watch our system and strengthen it at every point.

Brookhaven. Our success in the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest has been greatly indebted to the presence of the student body en masse. It not only inspires the speaker to do his best to have before him those who will be greatly affected by his success or failure, but so many known faces relieve the feeling of a stranger and

gives him confidence in himself. We hope this year the whole student body, as usual, will accompany our representative.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

W. N. DUNCAN, EDITOR.

Music and Other Poems.

In Henry Van Dyke's collection of Odes, Sonnets, Legends, Lyrics and Greetings, quite recently published under the title of "Music and other Poems," we find expressed the noblest sentiment and highest ideals of this gifted mind. Herein there are four odes. The Odes to "Music" and to "God of the Open Air" are characterized by sublime rapture and beauty of transition; the Odes to "Peace" and to "Victor Hugo" are characterized by tender pathos and ease. Of the eight Sonnets, "Work," "Life" and "Love" appeal most strongly to the reader. Of the two Legends "The Legend of Service" is especially beautiful both in conception and manner of expression. The thirteen lyric poems portray the emotions of the poet's own soul. They find ready response in the inner self, for they "keep close to human hearts" "A Mile with Me," "Love's Nearness," "Two Schools," "A Prayer for a Mother's Birthday," "One World," "Dulcis Memoria," and "Reliance" are the lyrics which strike deep into hearts that know what it means to rejoice, to weep, to love, to fight life's battles—to live in the truest sense.

From the group of "Inscriptions and Greetings" with which the volume closes, the greeting "To James Whitcomb Riley" and "A Health to Mark Twain" especially please us. "Inscriptions for a Friend's House" embodies the ideals which, if striven for by the home makers of our land, would make this earthly abode a Heaven.

As we read the Ode to "Music," so rythmical are its measures, now dreamy, then gay, now mirthful and fantastic, then stately and triumphant, ever changing with each change

of sentiment, that we hear sweet strains of music coming from some "choir invisible." The invocation to "Music, Daughter of Psyche, Child of Amor," closes with these words:

"I pray thee lay thy golden girdle down,
And put away thy starry crown;
For one dear restful hour
Assume a state more mild.

Clad only in thy blossom-broidered gown
That breathes familiar scent of many a flower,
Take the low path that leads thro' pasture green;
And though thou art a Queen,
Be Rosamund awhile, and in thy bower,
By tranquil love and simple joy beguiled,
Sing to my soul, as mother to her child."

Then comes the "Play Song", the closing words of which are:

"The world is far away;
The fever and the fret,
And all that makes the heart grow gay,
Is out of sight and far away;
Dear Music, while I hear thee play
That olden, golden roundelay,
Remember and forget."

The "Sleep Song" now wafts gently over us, leaving us the soothing thought that:

"Life is in tune with harmony so deep
That when the notes are lowest
Thou canst still lay thee down in peace and sleep,
For God will not forget."

Out of the "Bower of Rest" we are called to run the chase of the early morning "Hunting Song:"

"Leave all your troubles behind you,
Ride where they never can find you
Into the gladness of morn,
With the long, clear note of the hunting horn,

Swiftly o'er hillock and hollow,
Sweeping along with the wind,
Follow, you hunters, follow,
Follow and find!"

After which we are made ready for the "Dance Music" by:
"Now let the sleep-tune blend with the play-tune,
Weaving the mystical spell of the dance;
Lighten the deep tune, soften the gay tune,
Mingle a tempo that turns in a trance."

"Semicquaver notes,
Merry little motes,
Tangled in the haze
Of the lamp's golden rays,
Quiver everywhere
In the air
Like a spray,

Till the fuller stream of the might of the tune,
Gliding like a dream in the light of the moon,
Bears them all away, and away, and away,
Floating in the trance of the dance.

Then begins a measure stately,
Languid, slow, serene;
All the dancers move sedately,
Stepping liesurely and straightly,

With a courtly mein;
Crossing hands and changing places,
Bowing low between,
While the minutes inlaces
Waving arms and woven paces,
Glittering damskeen."

The strains of the "Dance Music" change into a glorious
"Symphony" and we hear:

"Thou lendest wings to grief to fly away,
And wings to joy to reach a heavenly height;
And every dumb desire that storms within the breast

Thou leadest forth to sob or sing itself to rest.

All these are thine, and therefore love is thine.

For love is joy and grief,
And trembling doubt, and certain-sure relief,
And fear, and hope, and longing unexpressed,
In pain most human, and in rapture brief

Almost divine.

Love would possess, yet deepens when denied;
And love would give, yet hungers to receive;
Love like a prince his triumph would achieve;
And like a miser in the dark his joys would hide.

Love is most bold;
He leads his men like armed men in line;
Yet when the siege is set, and he must speak,

Calling the fortress to resign
Its treasures, valiant love grows weak,
And hardly dares his purpose to unfold.
Less with his faltering lips than with his eyes

He claims the longed-for prize;
Love would fain tell it all, yet leaves the best untold."

As we draw near the close of this beautiful Ode we are ready to sing with the poet:

"Music, in thee we float,
And lose the lonely note
Of self in thy celestial ordered strain,
Until at last we find
The life to love resigned
In harmony of joy restored again;
And songs that cheered our mortal days
Break on the coast of light in endless hymns of praise."

'Tis difficult to say which of the Sonnets is best; they all are good. "Work" exemplifies the noble strain that is found in them all:

"Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market places, or tranquil room;

Let me but find it in my heart to say
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
This is my work, my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
'This work can best be done in the right way.'

"Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest."

A "Legend of Service" which has already increased the zeal of many aspiring souls is found here with freshness and new beauty. In the city of Lupon there dwelt three Saints "renowned above their fellows" for good deeds. Asmiel, "the Lord of the Angels," asked the Master which of the Saints in Lupon loved Him best. The master to satisfy Asmiel's mind, sent him to Lupon with a message of service for each of the three Saints:

"Tell each of them that his Master bids him go
Alone to Spiran's huts across the snow,
There he shall find a certain task for me;
But what, I do not tell to them nor thee.
Give them the message, make my word the test,
And crown for me the one who answers best."

On reaching Lupon, the Angel first went to the Temple where he found thousands thronging to hear the inspired words of Bernol, one of the Saints, and said:

"The Master bids thee go
Alone to Spiran's hut across the snow,
To serve Him there.' Then Bernol's hidden face
Went white as death, and for about the space
Of ten slow heart beats there was no reply;
Till Bernol looked around and whispered, 'Why?'
But answer to his question came there none;

The Angel sighed, and with a sigh was gone."

Next the Angel went to Malvin, "the saintly sage immersed in thought profound," who was weaving with patient toil and willing care a web of wisdom, wonderful and fair."

"Then Asmiel touched his hand, and broke the thread
Of fine spun thought, and very gently said:

The One of whom thou thinkest bids the go
Alone to Spiran's huts across the snow

To serve Him there.' With sorrow and surprise
Malvin looked up, reluctance in his eyes,

The broken thought, the strangeness of the call
The perilous passage of the mountain wall,

The solitary journey, and the length

Of ways unknown, too great for his frail strength,
Appalled him. With a doubtful brow

He scanned the doubtful task, and muttered, 'How?'
But Asmiel answered, as he turned to go,

With cold, disheartened voice, 'I do not know!'

Then Asmiel, "with fading hope," turned "scarce twenty
steps away and met

"Fernon hurrying down the street,

With ready heart that faced his work like play,
And joyed to find it greater every day!

The Angel stopped him with uplifted hand,

And gave without delay his Lord's command:
'He whom thou servest here would have thee go

Alone to Spiran's huts, across the snow,

To serve Him there.' Ere Asmiel breathed again
The eager answer leaped to meet him "When?"

The Angel's face with inward joy grew bright,
And all his figure glowed with heavenly light;

He took the golden circlet from his brow

And gave the crown to Fermor, answering, 'Now!
For thou hast met the Master's bidden test,

And I have found the man who loves him best,
Not mine, nor thine, to question or reply

When He commands us, asking 'how,' or why?"
He knows the cause; His ways are wise and just;
Who serves the King must serve with perfect trust."

In the Lyrics we catch frequent glimpses of the poet's soul. We feel that he realizes the worth of true friendship when we read "A Mile With Me." "Love's Nearness" assures us that the yearnings of true love are not strangers to his heart. In "A Prayer for a Mother's Birthday," he gives expression to the noblest filial devotion. That he can "weep with those that weep" is felt as we read "Dulcis Memoria," and "Autumn in the Garden." His strong faith in Immortality is expressed in "Light Between the Trees." Will you hear "Reliance," the last of the lyrics?

"Not to the swift, the race;
Not to the strong the fight;
Not to the righteous, perfect grace;
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal;
And they who walk in the darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Hath risen, glorified.

The truth the wise men sought
Was spoken by a child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.
"Not from my torch, the gleam,
But from the stars above;
Not from my heart, life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of Love.

As we turn to the closing pages of the book where are found "Greetings and Inscriptions," we smile as we read:

"Time is

Too slow for those who wait,
Too swift for those who fear,
Too long for those who grieve,
Too short for those who rejoice;
But for those who love

Time is not."

The "Inscriptions for a Friends' House" are impressive because of their sacred significance:

THE HOUSE.

"The corner stone in Truth is laid,
The guardian walls of Honor made,
The roof of Faith is built above,
The fire upon the hearth is Love;
Though rains descend and loud winds call,
This happy house shall never fall.

THE DOORSTEAD.

"The lintel low enough to keep out pomp and pride;
The threshold high enough to turn deceit aside;
The doorband strong enough from robbers to defend;
This door will open at a touch to welcome every friend."

"What is the secret of the charm of this rare collection of poems?" we ask ourselves as we close the book. The answer comes to us in the poet's own words—words that he used in a greeting to James Whitcomb Riley—the words we now use in accounting for Henry Van Dyke's power:

"This is the reason why all men love you;
Truth to life is the charm of art;
Other poets may soar above you,
You keep close to the human heart."

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

S. M. GRAHAM, Editor.

The time is rapidly approaching when the Alumni chain must be broken for the admission of new links. We are very glad indeed that the Alumni are true to those ideals which are peculiar to Dixieland, in selecting an alumna who is one of Millsaps brightest co-eds, to represent the Association at their annual reunion commencement. Rev. R. P. Fikes has been chosen by the class of '05 to respond to Miss Louise Crane's address.

We have been very much delighted recently to receive quite a number of old friends back to their Alma Mater, among whom we might mention Rev. C. N. Guice, of Gloster, Miss.; John B. Howell, who has returned from Vanderbilt with his M. D. John used to be our jolly quarter-back; Mr. W. D. Merritt, who is taking lectures at Vanderbilt; Miller C. Henry, from the Medical Department at Tulane; Mr. Robt. C. Ridgway, from the Law Department at Oxford, Miss.

We sincerely hope to see a very great number present at the Annual Alumni Reunion. It seems that every alumnus is due it to himself to return to his Alma Mater once a year to mark its progress and to greet the new members of the Association.

I am sure that there is some change in the way of advancement since you left College, for there is no danger of your falling off the walk with your girl if it happens to be dark, like you used to do; and when you enter the various halls you will see that the old dirty oil lamps have given place to beautiful electric chandaliers. May such improvements continue till Millsaps shall have all the modern conveniences.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

M. S. PITTMAN, Editor.

In the Spring when a pretty maiden gets herself a brand new dress,
It gives some boy a lonesome feeling, he dreams in daytime,
studies less;
In the Spring when paint and powder does its work on cheeks
and brows,
It aids Kid Cupid in his mission, inspires love-songs and
marriage vows.

Once again the fraternity "William goat" has invaded our dominion and has borne to the land of the Greeks a number of reputable barbs. The Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity was installed on Friday night, the 7th inst., and the following were the initiates: Dr. M. W. Swartz, S. M. Graham, O. W. Bradley, E. G. Mohler, E. D. Lewis, C. L. Neill, J. L. Sumrall, G. C. Cook, T. E. Pegram, R. H. Townsend, C. H. Kirkland, L. K. Carlton, J. H. Bullock, and Jeff Collins.

A contest has been established by the Manager of the Gulfport Chautauqua, in which all of the law schools of Mississippi, Louisiana, and Alabama will be represented. Mr. T. E. Pegram of Ripley, Miss., was chosen to represent the Millsaps Law School.

The Kappa Sigma and Kappa Alpha fraternities were the hosts of enjoyable informal receptions during the month.

One of the most enjoyable events of the session was the visit of Dr. Tilbett, the Dean of the Theological School at Vanderbilt, to Millsaps. His lectures to the students, "Christian Education and Citizenship," was one of the most inspiring utterances ever delivered in the Chapel of Millsaps College.

Fikes says that he wants to live such a life that he will hand down to his ancestors to follow a good name.

Dr. Kern—Mr. Rousseaux, on what American novelist did you write your composition?

Rousseaux—Shakespeare.

The Lamar Society held its Twelfth Anniversary on the 14th inst., and the following interesting program was rendered:
ORATOR—J. B. Ricketts.... “The New South Debtor to the Old”
ANNIVERSARIAN—M. S. Pittman, “The Anglo-Saxon and Why”
ADDRESS..... Hon. T. U. Sisson

The charming feature of the occasion were the solos sung by Miss Manning.

The Galloway Society will hold its Anniversary on the 28th inst., when Mr. E. C. McGilvray as orator will speak on “The Passing of the Old Republic”; Mr. A. P. Hand, as Anniversarian, on “The Aristocracy of Merit.” Prof. D. H. Bishop of the State University, will deliver the address.

Athletics is no longer dead at Millsaps. With five baseball teams, a tennis club, a basket ball team, and a full gymnasium, there are games to suit all from the Prof. to the Prep.

The Y. M. C. A. was fortunate in securing the help of Rev. Mr. Dobbs in the revival held recently. Mr. Dobbs is a strong preacher and a splendid mixer. The boys will remember Rev. Dobbs fondly.

Mr. J. L. Neill will run an excursion train to Brookhaven on May the 12th.

Among the visitors to the campus recently are: Steven L. Burwell, D. J. B. Howell, Clarence Godbold, T. E. Mortimer, “Buz” Welch, “Rankin” Shaw Enochs, J. F. Robinson, all of whom have been students of Millsaps.

We are glad to report Mr. L. F. Barrier fully restored

to his health and he proudly acknowledges that he is well enough to walk to see his girl again.

Hall and Lewelling say that they are going to have direct assurance from the weather-man that there will be no rain before they offer to bring another girl to an anniversary. A cab costs heavy, does it, boys?

A good friend of our Gulfport Chautauqua representative, S. M. Graham, saw in a paper an announcement of the honor conferred upon Sam and wrote him a letter in which occurred these words: "I am proud of you, and to prove my statement, buy you a fine suit of clothes to be worn when you deliver your speech and send me the bill." Sam was born under a lucky star.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. E. CARRUTH, JR., Editor.

We are glad to see the Blue and Bronze among our exchanges. It is one of the best Journals we receive from female institutions. Neat and well arranged, it contains some good poems and a story, besides its splendid departmental work. "The Legend of La Fitt" or "The Spirit Boat" is a very interesting story of specially good plot. "Mother Nature" is a very creditable essay, while "Cloud Thoughts" is easily the best piece of verse.

A pair in a hammock
Attempted to kiss,
In less than a jiffy
They sat like this!

For our much discussed "neat cover" the Limestone Star is characteristic. This is among the best of girl's school papers, but the March number is a falling off from the previous issue.

The essay, "The Rise and Growth of Novel," is too incomplete to merit much praise, with twice the space given it and more earnest effort the article could have been much improved. The stories are rather common and trite. "A Tale on the Fault of the Age" contains in its few lines some true philosophy, given from the mouth of the spider. The editorials deserve special mention; but the article, "Idealism and Truth in Art," is decidedly the best contribution to the magazine.

"Your teeth are like stars," he said,
The maiden's face grew bright.
"Your teeth are like stars," he said,
"They all come out at night."—Ex.

We welcome another exchange to our table again in The Kendall Collegian. Though it is exceedingly poorly printed and confused in the arrangement of its matter, yet some of the material is good. The best article is the story of adventure and heroism that has the ring of the true heroic and Missionary spirit about it. The essays on "The Jew" and "Edmond Spencer and The Elizabethian Literature," deserve some special credit, though the writer of the latter seems hardly to justify his subject as he discusses in general terms only the work of the poet.

Here's to lying lips we meet,
For truthful lips are bores,
And lying lips are very sweet—
When lying next to yours.—Ex.

The last number of The Spectator is the best yet published by the board of editors. Each issue shows marked improvement over the preceding ones. The debate is interesting and strong, and the other articles, though too short, are well written. The departments are especially well conducted.

Devoe: "After your son leaves college, I suppose you will take him in business with you?"

Dye: "No, I do not carry a line of sporting goods."—Ex.

Clippings.

Tact.

I went to a party with Janet
And met with an awful mishap,
For I awkwardly emptied a cupful
Of chocolate into her lap.

But Janet was cool—though it wasn't;
But none is so tactful as she,
And smiling with perfect composure,
Said sweetly, "The drinks are on me."—Ex.

"The Eternal Question."

O, you lovely violet,
Can you tell me why I let
Maiden's eyes beguile me?
Modest, dew-washed violet,
I would ask you why I let
Maiden's lips beguile me,
Vain and foolish lover style me;
Whisper softly why I let
My heart yearn, sweet violet.

—University Virginia Magazine.

Tomorrow.

Smiles and sorrows so closely blend
We never know where either doth end.
Today's the cloud, the storm, the sorrow:
The joy, the light, the peace tomorrow.

Oh, dry those tears,
And calm those fears!

Life was not made for sorrow;
 'Twill come, alas!
 But soon 'twill pass—
 Clouds will be sunshine tomorrow.

—Ouachita Ripples.

The Singer.

Down through the autumn forest,
 To the sound of the vesper chimes,
 There rode in the ebbing twilight
 The master maker of rhymes.

The birds were still in the woodland
 What time his lute strings rang,
 And the dream folk trooped to the dancing,
 For joy of the songs they sang.

The maiden leaned from the casement
 To glean of the singer's store,
 And she blew him a kiss in passing,
 And the rhymer sang no more.

One rode in the winter twilight
 That carried a voiceless lute,
 And cherished in silent wonder
 A love that had struck him mute.—Ex.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following magazines: Emory Phoenix, Blue Mountain College Magazine, The Whittworth Clonian, The Olive and Blue, The Hillman Lesbidelian, Mississippi College Magazine, The Hendrix College Mirror, The Journal, Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Mansfield Collegian, The Columbia Collegian, The Spectator, Andrew College Monthly, Ouachita Ripples, Emory and Henry Era, The Crimson-White, The Limestone Star, The Polytechnian, Kendall Collegian, The Blue and Bronze, University of Va. Magazine, Monroe College Monthly, and The Reveille.

The Millsaps Collegian.

VOL. 7. JACKSON, MISS., MAY, 1905.

No. 8.

"LA NOVIA"

"Aboard, and haul away the gang planks," shouted the captain, and with waving of hats and fluttering of handkerchiefs the steamer "Charlotte" pushed off from Savannah. This bright April morning of about the year 1850 found the harbor calm and still, save for the swishing of the water as the trim vessel skims out toward the ocean. The songs of the crew at their various duties are answered by shouts from the neighboring "smacks" of the fishermen.

An hour's sailing, however, found groups of passengers on deck, some disposing themselves comfortably in steamer-chairs, others promenading. Conversation flowed freely, aided by the exhilarating motion of the boat.

One of the most interesting groups stood near the deck-railing, Mrs. Fannie Alexander and her nieces, Miss Margaret Owen, well enough advanced in years to have earned the title of "old maid," and Elizabeth Reynolds, a young girl of eighteen.

"Oh, Aunt Fannie," exclaims Elizabeth, "do look at that peaceful flock of lambs by the little white cabin on the left shore! How picturesque!"

"Geese," says Mrs. Alexander calmly, with a hearty laugh from Miss Owen.

"And the fields of snowy cotton!" continued the girl, nothing daunted.

"Rice fields, my dear," answered her aunt, and this time all three join in the peal of merriment.

"We shall not fail to bring you hereafter, Beth, on any of our trips to New Orleans, if only to have you comment on the scenery," said Miss Owen.

Elizabeth, somewhat quenched by her observations landward, thought to avoid the need of a spy-glass by turning her attention to the promenaders aboard. Before long she caught sight of two gentlemen approaching from the far end of the deck.

"Oh, there are General Lopez and his secretary, aunt, do you suppose they are coming up here?"

"Yes, I think so, the General and I were discussing a subject last night before we left the hotel, which he promised to renew today. I have never met a more charming conversationalist."

This seemed not the only group interested in the two men in question, for as they paced slowly along the deck, the eyes of all the passengers followed them, and questions and bits of gossip were heard on all sides—"A brave fellow to defy the government as he is"—"Filibusters," I hear? They should be careful to encounter no government officials"—"The Cubans will be his debtors, even if he fails in his purpose." These and many more remarks were directed toward the two, the young girls giving the greatest share of their attention to "the good looking secretary."

And indeed they were a striking couple.

Lopez, a native Cuban, was large and of a rather heavy build. Yet his step was firm, his form erect, his intellect strong and clear, his face classic, serene, dignified, commanding, and his manners courtly.

His companion and secretary, De Gourney, was tall, with the olive skin and dark eyes of his Spanish forefathers, his voice musical—fascinating. By birth a Cuban, he had been educated in New Orleans. Before returning to his old home, he had met General Lopez and with the impulsive patriotism of youth joined his fortunes with the man whose purpose it was to free his struggling brothers from the despotic rule of Spain.

The two men at first were talking in their native tongue and in low subdued tones, no doubt of the subject nearest the General's heart. In a moment, however, the young secretary said:

"Let's put aside duties for the present, señor, and talk with

our North Carolina friends. There are all three of the ladies. I'll tell you frankly, I admire the youngest more than any American lady I ever met—and there are many beautiful women in New Orleans."

"She is indeed of a peculiar type, blue eyes and black hair," answered the General.

"And as fair as an oleander," continued the younger, "so unlike our brown-skinned, black-eyed señoritas of Cuba. But her chief attraction, I think, is her lack of what the Americans call self-consciousness."

By this time they had reached the ladies. As soon as greetings were exchanged, Mrs. Alexander and Miss Owen engaged in conversation with Lopez, who enjoyed the originality of the former and the humor of the latter, and whom they found intensely interesting, not only because of his patriotic plans, but for his striking personality and clear judgment. De Gourney gladly seized the opportunity to talk to Elizabeth alone, and the young Cuban found himself fascinated by this innocent and wide-awake girl. And no wonder, for she was just passing eighteen—that year when the heart of the maiden still beats quickly, while with gentle dignity her brow accepts the coronation of womanhood. She was a typical Southern girl. Her complexion was almost of perfect whiteness. Yet no "waxen white" or "shell-like pink"; but beneath the loosely bound hair was a face in which strength of purpose and energy were somewhat in contrast to the large dreamy eyes, where the openness of child-nature mingled with the mysteries of maiden thought.

The two parties found that they were to be together for several days, the General to go to New Orleans for more recruits, and the ladies to end their pleasure trip there by a visit to a near relative. Many were the discussions and arguments which Mrs. Alexander and Miss Owen held with the General as to the slave laws, the admission of California as a state, known as "the compromise of 1850," and other questions of the day. Lopez learned that Mrs. Alexander's former husband had been a friend in his early youth, and so he had confided to her many of his future plans.

During these warm discussions and reminiscences, De Gourney and Elizabeth were sure to be in some deserted corner, he asking about her home life in Carolina, she eagerly listening to his accounts of his travels in Spain, and then of his devotion to his friend and leader. Often they visited old Jack, the first mate, to listen to his long sea-yarns and laugh at his nautical expressions. "Blast my main top-sails, if them two ain't goin' to drop anchor by fallin' in love," he declared one day to the captain.

And his prophecy proved true.

One morning the first mate brought Elizabeth a huge bunch of magnolias bearing the secretary's card. They had been brought aboard from the last station where the steamer stopped. She sat smiling and enjoying their fragrance, when suddenly she noticed the leaves of the largest and most perfect flowers were brown in many places—Letters! Looking closely she saw there were lines of poetry on each leaf. Needless to say what their message was! Never was more ardent love declared on the costliest of parchment.

But has "true love" ever "run smooth"?

Soon news came that officers with authority of the government were out in search of the General and his secretary. Mrs. Alexander pleaded with them to leave the ship at the first landing place. Lopez said he realized the danger, but was waiting for important news from some of his followers.

Elizabeth was distressed beyond measure. Once De Gourney begged her vehemently in Spanish to come with him to Cuba. When he had translated she shook her head—she was too young—her aunt would never allow it—he might come to see her at home.

The clouds grew darker and more threatening. A stern, resolute look was on the General's face, his lips set in a hard white line.

They were well past Tampa Bay, and news came that the officers' ship was in close pursuit. It was a black night and Elizabeth and De Gourney were talking beside the deck-railing.

"I heard you speaking to the General a short while ago, in

your musical native tongue. I wish I knew more of Spanish," Elizabeth was saying.

"I should be content to teach you only two words."

"And those?"

"Te quiero" (I love you).

"Eight bells and all is well," shouts the watchman.

"Elizabeth!" calls Mrs. Alexander, and at the same time a whistle summons De Gourney.

"Adios, my señorita," and disappearing he waves his white Panama to the figure going down the stairway.

Next morning consternation reigned among the passengers. "The General and his secretary have disappeared," they said. And to only one party does the captain tell that the gentlemen left the ship at Cedar Keys, just before the officers boarded the ship.

: : : : :

Two months have passed—dragged by to Elizabeth. She is in New Orleans in her room overlooking Lafayette Square. On her desk lies a tear-stained letter, half completed, and the sun, streaming through the open window, bathes the black hair fallen over her shoulders, and in the depths of the dark blue eyes is an undescribable look of sadness. Her maid has just handed her the evening paper containing the headlines, "General Lopez and Secretary Captured and Killed in Spain."

Elizabeth now tells this story to her grand-children, and says she never reviews the old chapter that she does not think of those lines of Tennyson—

"O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—
Forever and forever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?"

FRANCES PARK.

THE MOUNTAIN FIDDLER.

Tom and I had started early in the morning. We intended to take one more bear hunt before leaving the West. So having bought provisions and ammunition to last several days, we had set out without a guide. We had already traveled many miles and were in a desolate, hilly region. No sign of game had yet been seen.

"I'm getting tired of this," said Tom. "I don't believe there is a bear in a hundred miles of us."

"Then suppose we pitch out tent here and rest."

"Suits me."

We rested awhile, then ate dinner.

"Now, we must find something to shoot," said Tom, "or I will load my gun full and empty it into a tree."

"You will find a bear to shoot at soon enough," I told him.

We now took a narrow, rocky path up a mountain side. Pretty soon we came to a brooklet, which ran down the mountain with a roar.

"Look there," I said, pointing to huge tracks in the white sand.

"A big turtle, wasn't it?"

"As big as a bear," said I.

"You don't mean that those are bear tracks, do you?" said Tom, looking bewildered.

"That's exactly what I mean. See where he went to the water's edge, and then came back. I'll bet he has just eaten a deer and came to quench his thirst. It hasn't been long, either. We'll find him."

We followed the tracks along the small stream, until they suddenly ceased.

"He must have fallen through the earth here," said Tom.

"Merely crossed the stream."

So there we crossed too, and took up the trail on the other side. It led through what seemed an interminable path. Then we came to a narrow gorge and that seemed the end

of our journey. The path was closed in on all sides with impassable cliffs, except where we came into it.

"Now, where's your bear," said Tom smiling.

"There he is," and a huge, shaggy, grizzly appeared not a hundred feet in front of us. He seemed to come out of solid rock. We were both taken by surprise. He gave a savage growl, and started toward us.

"Make sure of your mark," I said to Tom. "We will both shoot at the same time."

On he came, rising on his hind feet. In another moment there were two simultaneous clicks—but no reports. We had not thought to load our rifles! And in another minute the bear would certainly have one of us in a death embrace. We stood paralyzed.

Just then a faint strain of music echoed through the gulch. It grew louder: we stood still. The bear halted, turned and retreated!

"By the Holy Mary, if this don't beat any ten cent opera I ever saw," said Tom.

"Let's go closer and find out about this thing."

We walked up as far as we could go, there was no bear to be seen. We turned to go back and there, not a pace behind us were several bears. An exclamation of surprise escaped our lips. Just then there appeared in the midst of the bears a small, weird looking human, wearing bear skins for clothes. He began playing a violin; we at once recognized the tune. What followed was indeed a show. The bears crouched, then leaped over their master's head, one after another until there seemed to be at least a hundred bears circling and turning in the air over the little fellow's head. Not one touched him, and we stood dumbfounded.

The music stopped—so did the bears. Then they crouched about their master in a circle.

"Say, Cap," said Tom, "I'd like to buy your fiddle!"

The little man shook his head.

"Then won't you lend it to us to hunt bears with?"

Again he shook his head.

Tom now pitched a gold coin at him. Then the weird looking human—if he was a human—turned and pointed to a cave under the hill. The bears at once retreated. Then he motioned for us to follow him. This we did. He led us on in silence for about a mile, then began playing on his violin. Suddenly, as if by magic, bears appeared on every side.

"Say, I don't like this much," said my friend.

The little man pointed as if to say, "Shoot." Then we began shooting bears. We used up every shell we had, and killed a bear every shot. When we had finished shooting, there were at least a hundred dead bears lying about us.

Again the little man began playing his violin in a different strain. At once all the bears that we had not killed fled for dear life. They ran as if Satan were after them. While we were watching these proceedings in wonder, we forgot the little man, and lo! when we looked about for him, he was not to be found!

J. W. SCHOOMAKER.



FREEZOMAGISTON!

Having gone to college and gotten some instruction in chemistry, my friend and I decided to expand our knowledge in this branch of study. Our Professor informed us that, although there were now only eighty elements known to exist, that new ones were being discovered all the time, and it was probable that some day, some of us might be so fortunate as to discover a new element. We were overjoyed at this probability and began to make a special study of chemistry.

We were very much struck with the properties of Sodium while in our laboratory work. The peculiar property it exhibited, when water was poured upon it, caused us to think it was accompanied by some evil spirit, for never before had we seen anything take fire when water was poured upon it, but on the other hand we thought that fire and water were the two opposing forces in the world. But, as there are

exceptions to all rules, we concluded to make the best of this exception. We reasoned this way: That if Sodium burned with a brighter flame when brought in contact with water, there must be some element that when it came in contact with cold would become warmer and would warm whatever surrounded it, and also, when brought into the presence of darkness, would become exceedingly bright. After several years' hard work, we at last discovered such an element, which we, for reasons unexplained, named "Freezomagiston." This element was obtained from a well known compound which we do not care to mention just here. It might be well to relate, before going further, that the time taken up with our experimenting caused us now to be in a very critical financial condition, for we were but little better than paupers, and strange to say; although we were greatly wrought up over the discovery of this element, we knew of no special use it would be to the world. However, a certain friend made a suggestion, the results of which we will continue to elucidate.

We learned that several unsuccessful attempts had been made to discover the North Pole. The reason for this was the extremely disagreeable climate together with the great icebergs that infested those regions. Feeling assured that Freezomagiston would overcome the obstacles, we prepared a sailing vessel, supplied it with the necessary provisions and set sail for the north pole. After several weeks we reached the frozen regions of the North; however, the cold weather never affected us in the least because our clothes and the beak of the ship were coated with freezomagiston. The ice melted before us and the enormous current produced at the beak of our ship turned the icebergs from our course.

We were not in great haste to reach our destination, but desired rather to make friends with the natives as we went along, for we thought their friendship would be of worth to us, as our food supplies were about exhausted and we were in need of help in many other ways. When we reached Sleetland, the delightful season of day had just ended and a night of

several months had begun. The light, produced by the freezomagiston on the beak of the ship aroused the Esquimaux from their ice huts, and they came down to the coast to see what evil spirits were molesting their shores. However, when they came near us such a strange warmness enveloped them that they began to think that we were accompanied by divine power; but we informed them better than this because we wanted to lower ourselves with them that we might learn something of their habits.

We began an intimate association with the Esquimaux at once. The only great disadvantage we were to them was that their ice houses quickly melted away when we approached them. On the other hand we assisted the natives in so many other ways that this could be overlooked. We were a great help to them in chasing the white bear, in hunting the eider ducks, in fishing and catching the walrus and seals. When they would go on a great hunt or a long journey, one of us would go in front on a sled drawn by dogs, using the freezomagiston as a headlight, while the other one would go behind in the same manner. This element proved very useful in hunting as well as in journeying. One pound of it put into a lake would bring all the seals and walrus to the bank. This attracted the white bear, which came in great numbers from their dens, which in turn attracted us and gave us an opportunity to both kill the bear and capture the seals and walrus. A small quantity of this element placed upon a mountain cliff would cause thousands of eider ducks to hover around it, which oftentimes gave us a chance to entrap the whole drove. We remained with the natives for several months, but when the day dawned upon that region we continued our journey, taking with us, many of the Esquimaux to pilot us as far as they had ventured, and also to furnish us with whale oil and blubber when we reached the colder regions.

As before, we had no difficulty with the ice and since we used the freezomagiston the temperature of the weather did not trouble us. After traveling for several days, we

discovered that there was an unseen force pulling us in a northerly direction. This force became so strong that we found we had no need for sails because the ship was piercing the ice so violently that the beak of the ship was rapidly wearing away. The Esquimaux on board became disheartened, after journeying for some thing more than a week, and would have turned back but this was impossible for even the winds blew in a northerly direction. We were greatly alarmed at this, but the secret was soon revealed. In our presence now stood that great magnet, the North Pole, that had stood so majestically for ages unhaunted by the sight of human eye! And as Balboa was the first one to discover the Isthmus of Panama, so we were the first ones to look upon that great magnet, for which many explorers had sought, some of whom had given their lives to the cause.

We had accomplished a great deal in making this grand discovery, which, however, we found to be of very little importance to the world, but now the question was: How were we to separate ourselves from this pole? For the magnetic force was so strong that it seemed impossible to overcome it, but by using the means, that was suggested by one of the Esquimaux, we succeeded in overcoming this force. Having accomplished this, we began to retrace our steps.

A full account of this will be given at a more convenient season.

BEN TINDALL.



A FISH STORY.

According to my usual custom I started out last summer on an annual tour of the eastern states, more, I might say, for pleasure than for business. My route led through a small town of East Tennessee at which place I was compelled to lie over for some few hours on account of bad connection between trains, and I am quite sure that mine was the heartfelt sympathy of all who have experienced similar trials.

The place afforded as shelter for travelers a small, dingy-looking building, which might be in an extreme case, classed as a hotel, and it was in the office of this structure that I was stretched in an old arm chair, lazily puffing away at a cigar and chatting with the proprietor when I noticed in a large, glass case on the counter, a very tempting and beautiful trout of enormous size.

"Beautiful fish," said I.

"Yes," he replied, "and one of the gamest I ever had the luck to catch. He pulled my boat clean from one end of the lake to the other, before I landed him."

He was soon after called out and an old inhabitant of the village came in. I called his attention to the fish and commented quite favorably on its appearance.

"O, yes," he said, "I caught that fish when I was a mere boy. He came near drowning me, its true, but by hard work I got him, finally."

When this old man had gone and I was turning the somewhat tangled matter over in my brain—thinking of what a wonderful and vicious sea-wonder I was gazing upon, an old negro preacher, arrayed magnificently in his high beaver and frock-tailed coat, passed by as he was relating some exciting personal experience to a companion. I chanced to overhear him say, as he pointed in the direction of the hotel fish:

"Yas, and dat scudder wuz a ram. Why man, he got his fin kotched in the end of the boat and wuz goin' right on to de holy lan' wid it, when I lassoed him."

I could merely surmise that he was giving an account of the time he landed the famous trout.

After this three successive men came in and told me their different experiences while catching that fish.

Some minutes later, the proprietor returned, and as we sat discussing matters, a hunter entered and swung his gun good naturally at the landlord. Unfortunately (?) it struck the glass case, which contained the trout, and sent it crashing to the floor, shattering case, fish and all.

The fish was glass!

J. K. WILLIAMS, '05.

THE MILLSAPS COLLEGIAN.

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EDITORIALS.

At Brookhaven Millsaps did her best, and
Intercollegiate has nothing of which to be ashamed. We
Oratorical were beaten and in our period of long success
Contest. we have not forgotten how to take defeat
like a man. One thing upon which we look with especial
pride is the fact that we won on Manuscript. Manuscript does
not as we understood in former contests count three-fifths,
but is put on par with delivery. Millsaps, as a rule, always
gets first place in Thought, Originality, and Rhetoric, but
falls off in Delivery. This has been so marked that there must
be a reason, a deficiency in one line of our college training.
Our literary societies furnish a training in thought that cannot

fail to make its men victorious. But they almost totally ignore the manner of delivery. If a member has anything to say he conveys his thought in some way, little caring how. A debator makes as fine argument as a more pretentious ever dared; yet he reads his speech and in a dull monotone. He is working for the question, and the decision committee does not take delivery into consideration. There is no inducement for him to make a pretty speech. It would be much better for our societies, far better for our men and the college, were more attention paid to delivery. It could not well enter into a decision of a debate question, but we might have competition in other lines. We have only one oration per week. There can be no rivalry under such an arrangement. Miniature oratorical contests, where delivery would receive at least some attention, would rouse our latent eloquence and show us its importance. It is not that too much attention is paid to thought, but too little to the rest. Let us bend to our work in earnest and next time success will certainly be ours. Millsaps may be beaten once, but her invincible spirit knows no defeat.

With this issue Volume 7 closes and the management of the COLLEGIAN passes to other hands. It has been a pleasure to edit your magazine, to feel we had a part in representing to the college world some of the laudable sentiments and lofty ideals that inspire the students of Millsaps College. Yet, as we glance over the struggle of the past year, a struggle sometimes for bare existence, and see the broken plans, the disappointed hopes, the baffled high ambition, we cannot but feel a pang that we have fallen so short. In the trying struggle we have often thought of the responsibility the faculty placed upon us, of the trust of the student body and their reputation at stake, of the kindly interest of our friends who rejoice at any success the College may achieve and are equally grieved at its failures. We have done so little where we purposed to do much.

Yet success or failure does not depend altogether on the

board of editors. A good board can do much in arousing enthusiasm and directing other's efforts to the best advantage. They can shape and mould the efforts of the students but they cannot create. The students are in a far greater measure responsible for their publication. Without their support their magazine will never be more than an empty excuse. But many still insist that time is wasted in working for their college publication. Others argue it is the staff's business and they have no part in it. The COLLEGIAN at present has what we may call genuine support from too small a per cent. of the student body. Until they are all interested it cannot be complete, not merely that interest evinced in subscribing, like the tithes the Pharisee gave while locking the soul of religion, but an interest to do all in their power for their paper's success. For such an interest we sincerely thank those who have contributed articles. We wish also to thank the business men for the support they have rendered us. Without them a magazine would have been impossible, and we hope their investment may prove profitable in more ways than as a commercial deal. The staff wishes to express its sincere gratitude for all the interest and forbearance shown by the faculty, the students and all our friends.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

W. N. DUNCAN, EDITOR.

The Ravenels.

The events of the first few chapters of Harris Dickson's new novel, "The Ravenels," occur during the chaotic period just following the Civil War. Then the scene shifts to the present time. In and around Vicksburg, Mississippi, the stirring events of the story take place. The mysterious circumstances which gives young Stephens Ramond opportunity to revenge the murder of his father forms the theme of this novel.

Major Stephens Ravenel, a prominent citizen and highly

respected by all, is basely murdered by Powhatan Rudd, a pretended friend and the accepted lover of Chlondia Ravanel, the sister of the murdered man. Owing to the looseness of justice during this stormy period the murderer is not punished. Being unable to meet the reproachful glances of his former friends he, coward like, leaves his home in the Delta. The love which Clandia Ravanel once had for him turns into bitterest hate. She makes her home with her brother's widow and spends her life in instilling into the minds of her brother's older son the one thought that when he gets to be a man he must avenge the murderer of his father. Years pass. And Stephen Ravanel, Jr., completes his college education, and having taken a special courses in law, is offered a partnership in a leading law firm of Vicksburg, the senior member of which firm was a bosom friend of Stephen's father. Stephen accepts his offer, but his brother John remains at home to care for the plantation and to protect the home. Stephen reaches Vicksburg early one Sunday night and goes at once to Nagales Inn where he is assigned a room. Soon his father's old friend and some of his college chums learn that he is in the city and until late that night he enjoys their hospitality. As the crowd is breaking away Stephen accepts an invitation to spend the night with Robert Warfield. It is after one o'clock when they return to Nagales Inn for Stephens valise. Robert waits below while Stephen goes to his room. Suddenly the inmates of the hotel are aroused by frightful screams and the sound of scuffling in a certain part of the building. Several excited traveling men rushing to the room whence come the screams become witnesses to an awful murder. The murderer is proved to be Powhatan Rudd who had years ago murdered the father of Stephen and the murderer is Stephen Ravanel, Jr. Stephen at once surrenders and to the surprise of all proclaims himself as the murderer. Public feeling runs so high against him that he is hurried away to jail to prevent his being mobbed. Even Stephen's best friends can see no excuse whatever for his deed. Robert Warfield, his faithful college chum,

and Capt. Grayson, the friend of Stephen's father knowing that there must be some cause for the awful deed , heartily agree to undertake to clear him in the approaching trial. Stephen's friends are untiring in their efforts to collect evidence for his defence. At the trial, after the witnesses for the State are heard, a large portrait of Stephen's father in army uniform is produced. The faded coat is put on the defendant and the striking resemblance of father and son is noted. The counsel for the State objected to this procedure, but the counsel for the defendant, assuring the Court that this and every other resort of theirs, bore directly on the murder itself, were allowed by the Judge to proceed. Next an old man testified that often he had been a guest in the home of Powhatan Rudd, and every night without exception during his stay in that home, his slumbers were disturbed by the host calling out in his sleep: "Stephen! My God, Stephen!" He said that Rudd's family had become so accustomed to this that they paid no attention to it whatever. Yet to him it had meaning. Then followed the testimony of Stephen himself: "I ran upstairs for my satchel; the room was dark. I tried to light the gas, but found I had no match, and fumbling around succeeded in turning on an incandescent light. I replaced some small articles in the satchel, turned off the light and left the room. I had already locked the door behind me when I remembered my umbrella, and went back to get it. I felt around in the dark, knocked against something and made a noise, then I noticed a strong odor of gas and supposed I must have turned it on by accident. I was just in the act of reaching up for the jet when I heard a cry from the next room. It was not loud—more like a moan. Another cry followed immediately somewhat louder. And then some one in that room called out, "Stephen! O Stephen!" It startled me, but as I had no friends in the hotel I thought it could not be meant for me. The voice was unfamiliar. I was still trying to find the gas jet when I very clearly heard the words: "Stephen Ravanel, for God's sake Stephen!"

—the appeal of a man in mortal fear. I rushed to the door between the rooms, but it was locked. Then I burst the door. There was a table on the other side; it fell and broke. I stopped; the glare in the room dnzzled my eyes; I could see nothing. I was beginning to see a little when there came another scream: "My God! it's Stephen!" A man in his night clothes bounded out of bed and sprang on me. I saw the glitter of his knife; it ripped me here, and here, and here, and here before I could catch his arm. We grappled; we fought; we fell to the floor. I tried to take the knife from him, but he was a strong man, and jerked away from me. As he came at me again, I struck him with a chair and knocked the knife from his hand. It flew into a corner, and we fell together on top of it. It must have been there that I cut him first; I do not know how, but I saw the blood on his shirt. We fought on the floor, then struggled to our feet. He bit my shoulder; I dropped the knife; he writhed out of my arms, steadied himself against the bed, crouched and sprang on me again. I can scarcely tell you what happened then; I only know that we fought on the floor, on the bed, around the room, everywhere. The next thing that I remember clearly was that I had the knife myself, and was driving it into his breast. I felt it strike a bone. He trembled and sank into my arms. We were standing then directly beneath the chandelier; everything was deadly still, and the court-house clock struck one—two. That was the first time I had ever heard it. Some people burst in from the hall; I paid not attention to them; the man in my arms was dying. I felt his legs give way, and had to hold him up. Then I looked at him and saw that he had only one eye. I knew then that I had killed Captain Pawhatan Rudd, the man who murdered my father."

In spite of the vigorous argument by the counsel for the State, this testimony of Stephen, with the evidence that had preceded it, cleared him. The mutual love of Stephen Ravenal and Marcia Grayson, and the one smooth course of

this love, adds much to the interest of the book. We are pleased when Marcia's cousin Gray, a merry girl who "scatters gloom from every face," selects the sturdy John Ravanel as the choicest of her admirers.

The characters of this book are remarkably well drawn. They are natural, for there is nothing stilted about what they do or say. The young Stephen Ravanel is by far the strongest of the male characters. The deepest impression of his childhood days was the cold still face of his father, and that impression lived with him day and night. He came of a proud, passionate race, and in him were shown the characteristics of this race. Old Captain Grayson's kindness to the son of his old friend, the veneration given him by the young lawyers of the community, his patience and unflagging zeal during his bodily affliction, and his calm joy over being restored to health, directly appeal to the reader. We love Marcia for her untiring devotion to her invalid father, and for her lofty ideals of womanhood which her life so beautifully exemplifies. Little Gray Poindexter at once and for all time secures the admiration of the reader.

There are in "*The Ravanel*s" many striking occasions. The arrival at home of the corpse of Maj. Stephen Ravanel, the murder of Powhatan Rudd, the trial of young Stephen, Stephen's avowal of his love for Marcia, this reconciliation after long separation are a few of the many striking scenes which hold the reader from the beginning to the end of the story.

"*The Ravanel*s" is a novel which creates a strong interest that increases with every turn until the finish of the book. The love story is one of unusual strength and beauty. It is a novel of cleverness, capital plot, and surprising climaxes.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

M. S. PITTMAN, Editor.

Heigh Ho, Merry June! Heigh Ho, Heigh!

Now for final exams! Then, yes, then Commencement, speeches, buggy drives, banquets, a dip, home-going, mother, sweetheart, a position, marriage—and life.

The most pleasant surprise of the session was the visit of the senior class of Grenada College to Millsaps. Inopportune as it was—they came on the day that the Millsaps senior class were to give their graduating orations before the faculty. The boys blushed as they spoke, and the young ladies “grinned and endured it.” The two classes went to the observatory on a star gazing trip that night. It is useless to say that the visitors were the only ones that were charmed by the astronomical orbs, for the entertainers were attracted by orbs with more wooing features than the belts of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, or the imaginary circles of Mars. After the star gazing was over, the two senior classes were entertained informally by the Kappa Alpha Fraternity at its cozy little Chapter house. The seniors of Millsaps unanimously voted this occasion the crowning feature of their college course, and two or three of them are hoping that this pleasant event will be productive of a great result, viz: The culmination of a bachelor’s life. Kid Cupid did his work. Here’s to the class of 1905 of Grenada College—to declare the result.

Mr. O. W. Bradley was recently selected by the faculty to represent the college at the Sam Jones Chautauqua to be held this summer. Mr. Bradley will finish his collegiate course at Millsaps in June, but his work for the college will not be completed till he has won the prize at the Chautauqua.

The faculty chose the following members of the senior class of the literary department to represent the class on the Commencement program: O. W. Bradley, S. M. Graham, A. P. Hand, M. S. Pittman and J. B. Ricketts. Messrs.

Robinson and Merrill will represent the law department on that occasion.

During the last month J. T. Lewis, Frank Gray, Dr. Harvey Munger and Dr. Sproles have visited club-mates on the campus—the Kappa Sigma.

Dr. Moore entertained the senior class on the evening of the 5th of May. Dr. and Mrs. Moore, aided by their charming daughter, Miss Mary, and Misses Huddleston, Ridgeway and Ricketts, made the occasion one of much pleasure to all present.

The Juniors were given a pleasant evening on the 9th of May by Prof. and Mrs. Walmsley.

After all brass is not good without brains to use it. Brains! Brains!

Mr. O. B. Eaton, a prominent member of the class of 1906, has recently been appointed as a cadet to West Point Military Academy for the fifth Congressional district. We regret to lose Mr. Eaton, but we feel that he will reflect much honor in his new school. Mr. Eaton will enter the academy about June 15th. For five years a Mississippian has lead the class at West Point. We are not fearful that the record will be broken with Mr. Eaton there to represent the state.

To speak complimentary of the reception which was extended to Millsaps by the Whitworth College girls on May the 12th, would be modest. The girls treated us right, and any one who wishes to get in a fight, just let him dispute this in the presence of the local editor or any other boy who wears the purple and the white. He would not last as long as tender beef at a boarding house. That Whitworth is ALL RIGHT, two hundred voices at Millsaps proclaim.

Alpha Mu and Jackson Alumnae Chapters of the Kappa Alpha Order will unite in giving a very elegant banquet at the Hotel Norvelle on June the 6th. There will be present a large number of the members of the Order from all over the state, and it is probable that the principle toast of that

occasion will be responded to by one of the prominent members of the Order, Pres. Craighead, of Tulane, John Temple Graves, or Gov. Joseph W. Folk of Missouri.

With this issue of the COLLEGIAN my duties and pleasures as editor of the local department come to a close. It has been a duty which I have cheerfully done because of the pleasure it has afforded me. It is the duty of the local editor to show to the college world the real life of the college which he represents; to give every department of college life; the Y. M. C. A., the athletics, the Literary Societies, Fraternities and miscellanies, their just share in his columns. He should not be partisan, or prejudiced, but should tell the news of the CAMPUS in the most attractive manner possible. His department should be something more than a chronicle of dry facts, and a sheet of oft repeated campus jokes; it should be a bright, newsy collection of college events, told so as to sparkle with wit, and originality, and so that the reader can feel the personality behind the pen. If I have fallen short of the standard which I hold, it is not because of prejudice or lack of interest, but lack of ability.

I wish to thank the entire student-body for the interest which was manifested by each and every student in the State contest. To win a gold medal would be an honor, but I deem it a much rarer honor to be heartily supported by the student body in whose behalf I spoke. I thank each and every one most cordially for the inspiration you gave. Let us accept our defeat like men and hope for the future.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. E. CARRIUTH, JR., Editor

We are glad to acknowledge receipt of the following magazines for the month of April. Most of these come regularly to our table and have become as pleasant, agreeable friends: Emory Phoenix, Blue Mountain College Magazine, The Whit-

worth Clonian, The Olive and Blue, The Hillman Lesbedilian, Mississippi College Magazine, The Journal, Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Mansfield Collegian, The Columbia Collegian, The Spectator, Andrew College Monthly, Ouachita Ripples, The Crimson-White, The Limestone Star, The Polytechnian, Kendall Collegian, Monroe College Monthly, The Reveille and Maroon and White.

The work of the exchange editor is, notwithstanding the tediousness of a certain degree of repetition, very pleasant and instructive, and certainly at times amusing. You know already the wits and philosophers who are to soothe the troubles, and treat and relieve the ills of the coming age. True bits of real life are portrayed, as in the troubles and pleasures of school life; and absurdities galore, from one class appropriating another's design for their class pin, or using a worn joke from another magazine without the familiar and accustomed "Ex.," to inserting a stanza from Tennyson, Longfellow, or Harris, as though it came from the mind of the school boy. Surely it must be a good study of what we meet in real life.

Clippings.

"Sir, you have insulted my mother-in-law!"

"Is there anything else I can do for you, old chap?"

Argument on continuation of present system of examinations—"Further, most teachers have their hobbies and pet questions, which they especially emphasize, as a result of which their personality constitutes a larger part of the examination than does the course. To pass, to suit such an examiner, the student must be of his type, and even possess his peculiarities."—Randolph Macon Monthly.

I chatter, chatter as I go,
And join the laughter ever;
But when in class I'm called upon,
My lips refuse to sever.

BY A FRESHMAN.

"I stood on the bridge at sunset,
 And in the water I saw
 What I thought to be some tadpoles,
 All fighting as if in war.
 As it seemed to be interesting,
 I slowly raised my glass,
 And on closer observation
 They proved the Senior class."

The Unspoken.

The forest holds a subtle secret close
 Behind the maple trunk and needle pine;
 The violet sighs the secret to the rose,
 And lifts it upward in the clambering vine.
 The stream confides it softly to the trees,
 The clouds are silent witness to the thought;
 It pours its rapturous spirit on the breeze,
 From wave to peak, from peak on high is brought.
 'Tis throbbing on the brow that meets my kiss,
 'Tis rustling in the haloed mesh of gold
 That crowns the glance that is all human bliss,
 And lives the word that needs not to be told.

To a Bore.

My prosing friend, I sometimes sigh
 To read of merry days gone by—
 Days when the "bore's head" used to be
 Served on a dish of Rosemary.
 Some men are born an age too late—
 Some dishes being out of date.

—Punch.

"I am afraid, Johnie," said the Sunday School teacher,
 rather sadly, "that I shall never meet you in the better land."

"Why? What have you been doing now?"

Violets.

Sweet little woodland flowers,
Kissed by the morning dew,
What is the sweet, fond message
That I receive from you?
Long ere the other blossoms
Awoke from winter's sleep,
You pretty little elfins
Out from your hiding creep
Gathered in one sweet cluster,
Arranged by the fairest hand—
Tell, fair angel of Spring time,
What is it you demand?
Though crushed and bruised, dear violets,
I treasure you the more;
So in my eager nostrils
Your dainty perfume pour.

—Randolph-Macon Monthly.

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